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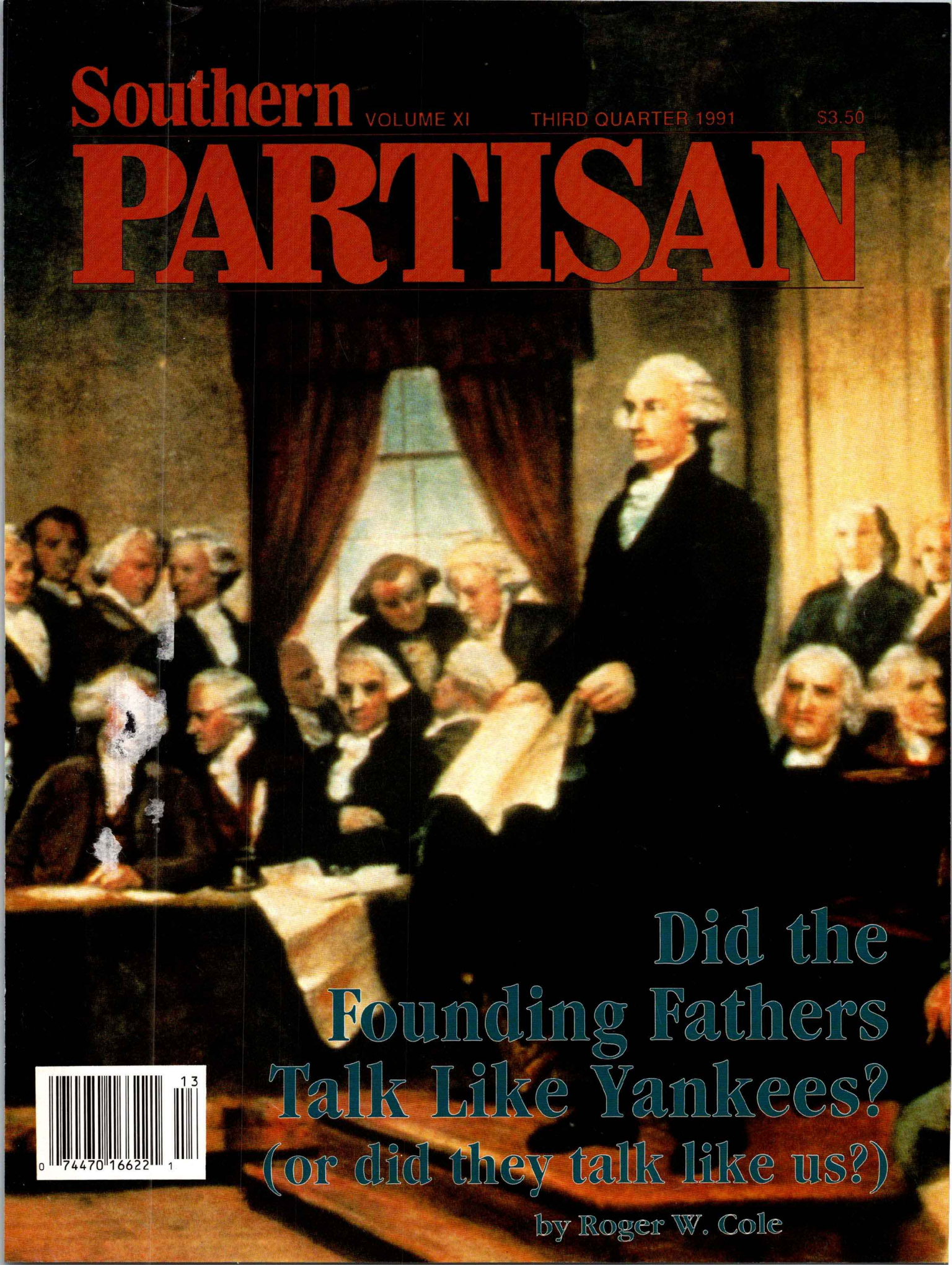

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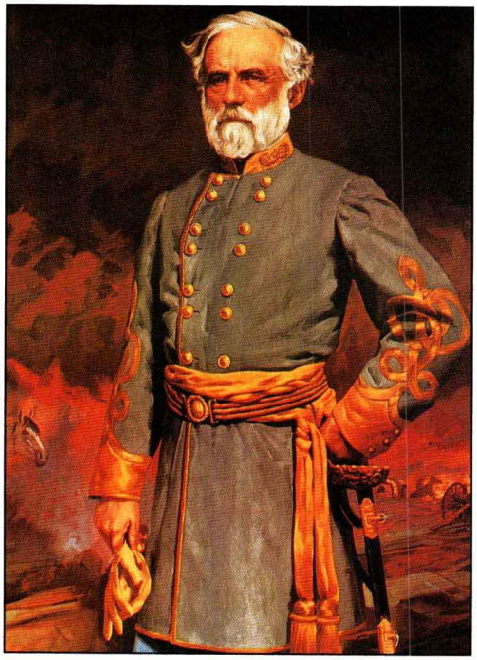

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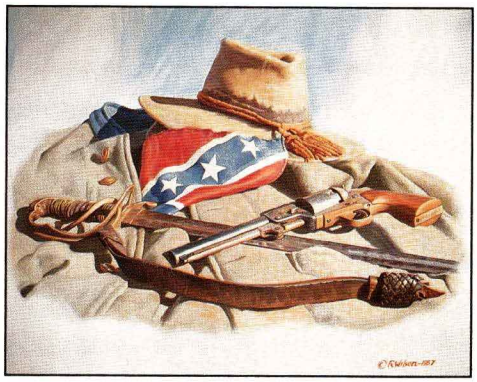

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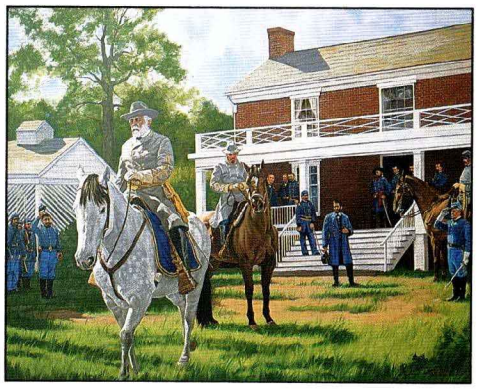

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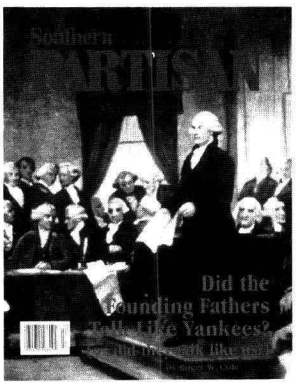

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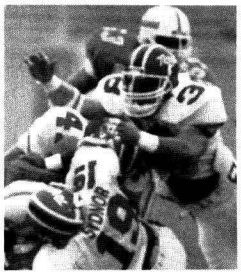

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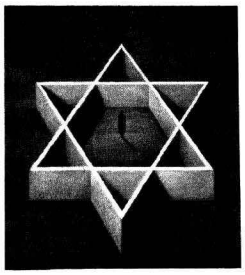

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PARTISAN LETTERS

Southern PARTISAN

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THE BLUFFING OF HUNTER

Gentlemen:

THE BATTLE OF LYNCHBURG, June, 1864, was funny rather than sad. Yankee General David Hunter, regarded by Southerners with "extreme distaste" according to Freehoff's "The Scourge of the Valley" (First Quarter, 1991), moved on from his scoundrelly destruction of VMI with the intention of capturing Lynchburg. His troops approached the city from the west, and Hunter established his headquarters at Sandusky House, the home of Major George Hutter, who had resigned from the US Army with the secession of Virginia–too old to seek a Confederate commission. That night at dinner Hunter boasted of capturing Lynchburg next day. Meanwhile General Jubal Early arrived with a few troops to take command of the defense, although he worried about Hunter's superior numbers.

Then Jubal Early devised his great bluff. That night he ordered a switch engine and a few cars to steam quietly out of town, and then, after an interval, to rush back into town with whistle blowing. Citizens and soldiers and a band waited at the station. There were immense cheers and martial music as the empty train pulled in. Obviously reenforcements from Lee. Later in the night the maneuver was repeated. One Yankee officer reported trains coming and going all night; pickets reported the cheering and bands playing.

Next day Hunter probed the defenses, finding stiff resistance and one fierce Confederate attack. That night there were no boasts at Sandusky. And on the following day Hunter's army began its retreat from Lynchburg. Only a few casualties.

We may suppose wide smiles and jests among Early and his staff, as well as among the army and citizens. Among the defenders was a company of VMI cadets, and perhaps they were most pleased of all.

Sheldon Vanauken
Lynchburg, Virginia

POOR PORTER

Gentlemen:

THE REFERENCE TO the fate of General Fitzjohn Porter (First Quarter, 1991) pussyfoots around the role of Lincoln in this outrage. Lincoln needed a scapegoat for John Pope who lost the battle of Second Manassas. Pope was a political crony of Lincoln's. He rode on the inaugural train from Illinois. Fitzjohn Porter was probably picked as the victim because he was a close friend of General G. B. McClellan. Judge Advocate General Lee would not hold still for these nefarious proceedings, so he was fired and Holt was appointed in his place. This is the sum total of the evidence against him: "I saw him on the morning of the battle and he was whispering to an individual

[not identified] and he looked like a traitor." This was repeated over and over again. It is in a little summary of the evidence located at the National Archives which I have read. Porter's lawyer tried to see Lincoln but was refused admission at the White House. The lawyer wrote a brief and it was refused at the White House. When Carl Sandburg published his biography of Lincoln, I obtained a copy and turned to the index to find the passage concerning the trial and conviction of Porter. Sandburg excuses Lincoln on the grounds that he was a busy wartime president and did not have time to go through many volumes of testimony. He never mentions the few pages of summary which could be read in a few minutes. Sandburg is a liar or a careless researcher. Seventeen years after the battle a commission was appointed to study the matter. The battle field was carefully surveyed, hundreds of participants from both sides were questioned and cross-examined and the purport of the commission's report was that Porter was one of the few in the battle that knew what he was doing. But by then his health was ruined and his fortune gone. This was a worse miscarriage of justice than the Dreyfus case, but it has been swept under the rug... To reveal this deed in all its brutal cynicism would destroy the Lincoln myth launched by Nicolay and Hay in the "definitive" biography. They were ably abetted by Robert Todd Lincoln, who later tried to have his mother committed so that he could get control of her money.

Bill Burdette
Salisbury, Maryland

HARVARD'S HOPE

Gentlemen:

I ENJOY RECEIVING the *Southern Partisan*. There are very few magazines that stand up and proudly proclaim that we are proud of being Southern and defend the good name of the Confederate soldier, sailor and marine. The fact is that the South was right.

Brigid Kerrigan, the lady who flew the Confederate battle flag in her Harvard College dorm, is most worthy of being called Southern. Her eloquence is of another time. There are few people who have the guts to stand up proud in defending their Southern heritage. She says it well: "That is the flag for the War for Southern Independence..." There is indeed reason for hope.

Calvin E. Johnson, Jr.
Kennesaw, Georgia

RICH MAN'S FIGHT

Gentlemen:

IN "RICH MAN'S WAR, Poor Man's Fight" (First Quarter, 1991), Mr. Ford made a general statement about Southern planters enjoying exemptions from Confederate military service due to slave ownership.

Similarly, public television's "The Civil War" dialogue cleverly sandwiched in the following words as it presented a typical Southern soldier's letters home: "Veterans (on the South's fighting line) were especially resentful because... men who owned 20 slaves or more were altogether exempt and could go home."

Actually, these exemptions were limited to a necessary few.

I cite the CSA Act captioned "To Exempt Certain People From Enrollment." After specifying all the judicial, legislative, and executive officials of the Confederate Government and several states, it specifies that "ferrymen, pilots, and other persons engaged in marine services on rivers, postal employees, railroad, iron and mine works employees in furnaces and foundries, the press and ministry, professors and other school officials, asylum and hospital superintendents and workers in wool and cotton factories" are exempted from military service. They were the *only* ones or classes who were covered by exemptions *under the Acts of April, 1862.*

On April 30th, the South Carolina Chief of Military Operations wrote to the Confederate Secretary of War: "Exemptions from service under the Acts... do not embrace one of the most important classes of our people...the planters of our state... are for the most part, now in the army."

In the fall of 1862, General Order #82 amended the Acts to exempt: "One person either as owner, agent, etc., on *each* plantation with 20 negroes" with the further provision that smaller units of farm production containing lesser numbers of workers could exempt one overseer to manage both, if there was no white male within five miles.

So, by law, only one white male, conscriptable or not, could remain on the plantation. Therefore, if a planter had three sons of draft age, these sons went into the service. If one of the sons was allowed to stay, the father went.

Clearly there exists a great difference between the so-called historical commentary and the provision of the CSA law.

If history is to be written (or re-written), then let the historians stay with the facts and not taint them with their own slants to prejudice the public one way or the other.

C. B. Pritchett, Jr.
Albany, Georgia

DITCH DUKE

Gentlemen:

I BEGAN WITH AMUSEMENT and ended with concern my reading of the *Southern Partisan's* somewhat confused review of *David Duke: Evolution of a Klansman* (Fourth Quarter, 1990). Your reviewer has, at best, a slippery grip on the distinction between David Duke the man and certain issues of public policy which he has belatedly and embarrassingly championed.

Whatever personal metamorphosis he may have undergone, however reformed and chastened he may claim to be, it is undisputed that Duke was, or perhaps is, a member and leader of one or more of the Ku Klux Klan splinter groups in this country. He has been photographed in public wearing a costume that can only be described as a Nazi uniform. His personal and (to use the term loosely) professional past can be most charitably described as "checkered" and perhaps his greatest success before entering politics was as the author of a sex manual. Is it any wonder that such a man offers ample opportunity for unflattering media portrayal when he seeks public office?

To be distinguished from Duke personally are serious political issues that likely will be debated with increasing intensity in coming years. If Duke is truly concerned that these issues be discussed fairly on their merits, he will realize that his lurid presence in the political arena can only detract from that discussion and quietly retire from the scene. If, on the other hand, Duke is merely another unprincipled political opportunist seeking to aggrandize himself, he will refuse to recognize that he pollutes what he touches, and continue in his make-believe quest of offices he cannot win, to the detriment of his insincerely professed goals.

Stephen Smith
Arlington, Virginia

Gentlemen:

AFTER READING THE REVIEW of the book, *David Duke: Evolution of a Klansman,* I must disagree with the reviewer's central thesis. The reviewer argues that it is David Duke's current, publicly-espoused "populist" political views that embarrass many people, rather than his Ku Klux Klan or alleged neo-Nazi ties. While these views may be sources of embarrassment for some politicians, I believe the opposite to be true for most people.

It is not the espousal of conservative political programs that is embarrassing about David Duke. There are other conservative politicians from the South whom others do not find "scary." Rather, it is Duke's affiliation with the Ku Klux Klan that I, as a son of the South, find repulsive. The modern Ku Klux Klan does not play a meaningful, constructive role in the South today. Indeed, many argue that it is a repository of those with hatred in their hearts. David Duke's affinity for this group makes him a symbol of white racism in politics. This symbolism, rather than his voting record, sets Duke apart from other conservatives and makes him an embarrassment to many who love the South.

Therefore, I recommend that Southern populists and conservatives find political spokespersons without Duke's organizational affiliations. I further recommend that your magazine devote more space to promoting the South and less space to promoting David Duke. Perhaps then I will start giving gift subscriptions to my Southern black friends.

William Ross
LaCrosse, Wisconsin

A BIT SILLY

Gentlemen:

I THOUGHT THE *SOUTHERN PARTISAN* would be a thoughtful and scholarly reflection on aspects of the Confederacy which would be historically interesting to read about.

But most of the writing seems provincial, defensive, and so biased, pro-Southern as to be a bit silly... .

Probably the most disappointing aspect is the poor quality of the editing and printing... .

I am a born and bred Southerner, and think your concept is a good one. I just wish it were done with more professionalism.

Carter Fowlkes
Atlanta, Georgia

PARTISAN VIEW

by Richard Quinn

The Quota President

Our friends in Washington (yes, we have a few) have given us the inside story on why George "Read-My-Lips" Bush reversed himself on the new Civil Rights Bill, more accurately called the Quota Bill of 1991.

The President decided to drop his opposition to the Bill so as to distance himself from David Duke. If David Duke was against the Bill, then George had to support it.

The trouble is that the moment Mr. Bush signs the Quota Bill into law, the principle of innocence until proven guilty will be upended in businesses all across the country. Henceforth, when a disgruntled job applicant alleges discrimination, the burden of proof will not be on the applicant to prove discrimination. The burden will be on the employer to prove that there was no discrimination. And if he (or she) fails to make the case, the consequences are dire.

The clearest explanation of how this works appeared in a *Washington Times* editorial:

Joe is a 25-year old Polish-American, a laid-off autoworker with a wife and two kids. Pam is a 17-year old African-American, a sociology major, deferring her matriculation at Yale to get a feel for working-class life. Both Joe and Pam apply for an opening as a night clerk at a convenience store. Neither has relevant experience. Joe, who is 6 feet tall and weighs 200 pounds scores 92 percent on the employer's math test. Pam, who is 5 feet tall and weighs 100 pounds, scores 85. The employer hires Joe. He does so because Joe 1) scored higher on the test, 2) is more likely to deter robberies that Pam, and 3) needs the job more to support his family.

"Read My Lips...No New Quotas."

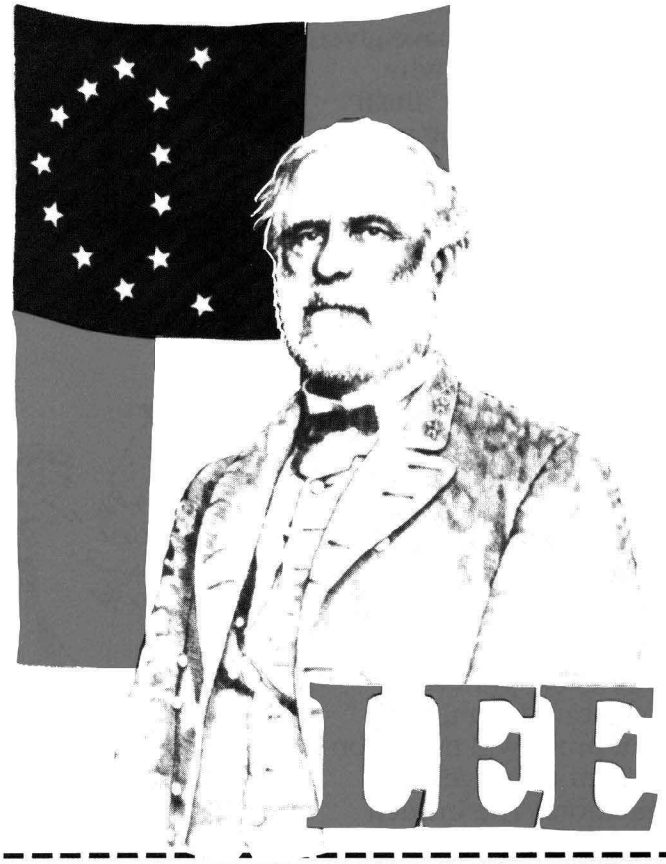
When Pam is rejected she sues, citing sex and race discrimination. The employer employs 50 people in five stores, including 35 African-Americans, five Mexican-Americans, eight whites and two Asian-Americans. Forty are men. Ten are women. The court rules that there is no evidence of racial discrimination against Pam. But it further rules that because the local "qualified" population is 75 percent black and 51 percent female, the employer should have a payroll of 37.5 blacks and 25.5 women to avoid the presumption of guilt under the "doctrine of disparate impact".

The employer admits both Pam and Joe were minimally "qualified". The court demands he demonstrate the "business necessity" of hiring Joe. The court rules that physical size and need for the job do not qualify as such. The employer has to give Joe's job to Pam and pay her back wages and punitive damages.

Between 1971, when the Supreme Court instituted a quota test and put the burden of proof on employers in discrimination cases, and 1989, when the Supreme Court partially shifted the burden of proof back to the accusers, this was the way the civil rights laws worked in this country, almost. Before the deal Mr. Bush cut with Mr. Kennedy Thrusday night, Pam could only sue for a job and back pay. Under the new law she'll get punitive damages to boot.

To avoid the prohibitive cost of litigation under these loaded circumstances, the employers of America will obviously hire by quota and affirmative action. They will have no practical alternative. His denials notwithstanding, Mr. Bush has given us a Quota Bill, just because he didn't want political writers to compare him to David Duke. Come to think of it, David Duke has recently embraced Christianity. Where now will the President worship?✪

Now's The Time For All Good Southerners To Come To The Aid Of Their Magazine



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TRIVIUM

by Matthew Sandel

Tom Landess is on leave from the *Partisan* while occupying a post with the government in Washington. Matthew Sandel will be standing in for our Associate Editor during his absence.

A New Commission

Southerners over 50 will remember a time when two New York senators — Kenneth Keating and Jacob Javits — announced to the nation that they were so outraged by the way blacks were being treated in the South that they intended to make their own private fact-finding tour through the region and expose all the meanness and ugliness that festered there. They weren't acting for the U.S. Senate. They were self-appointed ambassadors of self-righteousness, come to dramatize the moral superiority of the North over the South.

Of course they came with their own newspeople — the New York *Times, Time, Life,* the networks — all filing daily reports in state after Southern state, stories featuring the two senators, striking indignant poses in front of shacks, rattling off statistics, chronicling atrocities. Harlem lay behind them in all its squalor, but they were only interested in the sins of white Southerners. That was in another country — a long time ago.

Today polls reveal that blacks in the South are optimistic about race relations in their region, in stark contrast to blacks from other parts of the country. New York in particular is a cauldron of racial hatred. Whites are abusing blacks in every borough where the races come together. And the same thing is happening in other parts of the country. Of course the media don't focus on these incidents as sharply as they once did when the South was in the spotlight, but abuses are occurring in ever-increasing numbers.

✔ In the Howard Beach section of New York, a group of whites murdered a black youth, merely because he came into the neighborhood for legitimate business reasons.

✔ In New York again, a white man has been charged with firebombing a real estate office that has shown houses to blacks trying to settle in a predominately white Brooklyn neighborhood.

✔ In Boston, land of Kennedys, a white man murdered his wife and then accused a black of the crime, knowing that the intense racism in the city would undoubtedly lead the police away from the truth. Blacks reported during this period that they were harassed by police and physically and verbally abused by other whites in the city.

✔ In Milwaukee, Jeffrey Dahmer murdered a number of male victims, mostly black, carved them up, and ate them. When his black neighbors called to report the escape of one minority youth, the white police largely ignored their complaints and allowed the white cannibal to recapture the boy and murder him. The blacks of Milwaukee say that the police would have heeded their complaints had they been made by whites.

✔ In East Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania a pastor agreed to marry a couple, then reneged on his promise when he discovered that the bride was white and the groom was black.

✔ The Ku Klux Klan is enormous in states like Indiana and New Jersey — much larger than it is in any of the Southern states, though cross burnings are reported on network news only when they occur in the South.

Indeed virtually all of the renewed racism reported throughout the country has occurred in the North — not only in crowded inner cities, but also in the great universities, which pay lip service to tolerance and racial justice.

You can see where I'm going with this.

What we need is another self-appointed commission from the United States Senate to investigate racial conditions — this time in the North. Obviously we need to choose senators who are not from the troubled areas, legislators who represent states where a greater measure of racial harmony and justice exists. The obvious choices are Jesse Helms of North Carolina and Strom Thurmond of South Carolina. With only a few minor incidents to mar their record, those states are getting along just fine.

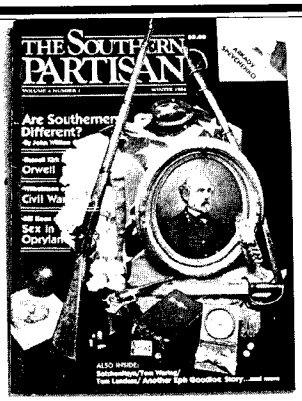
Helms and Thurmond should of course begin in New York City, where racism is at its worst. They should spend several days in Harlem, investigating the exploitation and degradation that are endemic to that infamous ghetto. Then they should go to Brooklyn and Howard Beach, where tensions are still running high. Next, to Boston, where some of the worst racial incidents in the past decade have occurred.

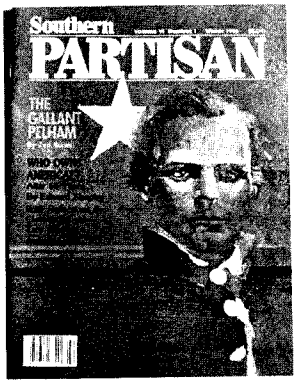
Then to the other major Northern cities: Philadelphia, Newark, Detroit, Chicago, Cleveland, Minneapolis-St. Paul, San Francisco, Los Angeles.

Finally Senators Helms and Thurmond should hold a joint press conference in either Charleston or Charlotte (where race relations are friendly) and announce their findings for the whole nation to contemplate. Then they should propose new legislation, statutes that would apply only to those parts of the country where the problems exist. We need a carefully crafted set of laws that will punish the folks from New York and Massachusetts and Connecticut — while allowing Georgians and Alabamians and Mississippians to go about their business.

Of course there are two problems with this commission. First, Senators Helms and Thurmond are too busy minding their own business to engage in such an exercise. And second, the press wouldn't report the tour, even if it took place. However, it would be a splendid way to teach the rest of the nation a lesson it will otherwise never learn: The victims of self-righteousness have long memories.✪

TIMELESS.





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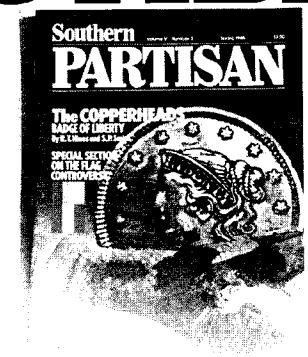

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- ❑ Volume 9 3rd Quarter 1989
- ❑ Volume 9 4th Quarter 1989
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FROM BEHIND ENEMY LINES

The Thomas Nomination: A Southern Perspective

by Gordon Jackson

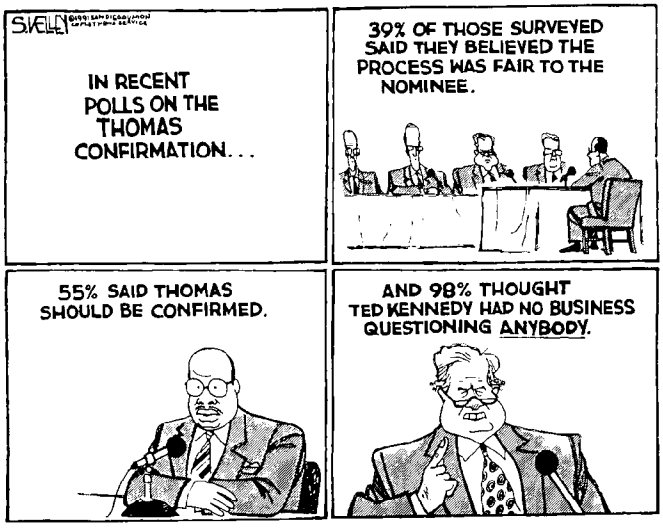
The confirmation process of Justice Clarence Thomas made clear what had been suggested four years ago during the Bork nomination: Southerners have become perhaps the most important voting bloc in the American electorate. For the foreseeable future, they can be expected frequently to make the crucial difference when Congress addresses social issues.

The Bork and Thomas nominations encapsulized, at least for the special interest groups, a plethora of issues touching on values, such as abortion and school prayer. The nominations were seen as Armageddon, no less on the right than on the left. Bork would have provided a likely fifth vote against *Roe v. Wade*, and his formidable mind in tandem with that of Justice Scalia would have ensured a conservative intellectual domination of the Court for years. The addition of Thomas locks in a conservative majority, and also brings black conservatism out of the closet with a new legitimacy. The stakes were high. Left and right were fully mobilized (though the right bestirred itself a little too late to save Bork). Politically, both nominations clearly came down to how the Southern Democratic senators would vote. These genial fellows, as it happens, are for the most part utterly devoid of political principles, so their deliberations boiled down to the crassest of political calculation. For them, the single relevant question was how the vote would play with their Southern black constituents.

Most white Southerners fell in line uniformly behind both nominees (despite cynical efforts by Bennett Johnson and Howell Heflin to convince the crackers that Bork was some kind of socialist weirdo). But the Democrats know their constituency. It consists of blacks, liberals, and yellow-dogs, and of these groups, the blacks are the most likely to stray off the reservation. They make or break the Senators in both the primaries and the general elections, and their opinion on any issue, to the extent it can be determined, will be perfectly reflected in their senators' vote.

So, while going through the pretense of evaluating Bork on the merits, Heflin & company sat back and read the polls to see if Ted Kennedy and the "black leaders" could stir up sufficient anti-Bork sentiment. They did. Soon enough, prayers were being raised in black churches throughout the South calling on the Almighty to smite down the demon Bork, and that was that for the public career of the finest legal thinker this country has ever produced. The political calculus was precisely the same with Thomas. The pivotal question again was could Kennedy and cohorts turn Southern blacks against the nominee, a Southern black himself. It didn't take long to find out that this approach would be fruitless, and that, undoubtedly is why you did not see the liberal special interest groups sink a lot of money into a TV campaign against Thomas. The tawdry last-ditch effort to turn the nomination into gender warfare was thwarted when Thomas went before the committee and accused the senators of engineering a "high-tech lynching." This mobilized his fellow Southern blacks, who demonstrated their enormous clout as they shoved the feminists right back off the stage. (The fact that Thomas' appeal to racial antagonism was pure demagoguery only makes this stroke of political genius all the more satisfying, given the repellent nature of the body against which he made his charge. Those who would fault Thomas for lying, as he must have done at some point in his testimony, please consider my studied opinion that there is no dishonor whatsoever in lying to the Senate Judiciary Committee, as presently constituted. The Democratic leadership is a gang of wholly political thugs, and it is the prerogative of an honorable man to manipulate these assassins as best he can.)

We must not grow unduly alarmed at the disproportionate influence Southern blacks now have. They have been instinctively conservative people to the extent that they can view themselves as independent of the "black leaders" and the liberal welfare state. They have a champion now on the Supreme Court, and they have a clearly understandable object lesson in the cynicism of hard-ball left-wing politics. They are at the focal point of American politics, and conservatives would do well to pay them careful attention. They are not necessarily, now and forever, Ted Kennedy's. ✪


SIKELLY
IN RECENT POLLS ON THE THOMAS CONFIRMATION...
39% OF THOSE SURVEYED SAID THEY BELIEVED THE PROCESS WAS FAIR TO THE NOMINEE.
55% SAID THOMAS SHOULD BE CONFIRMED.
AND 98% THOUGHT TED KENNEDY HAD NO BUSINESS QUESTIONING ANYBODY.

Obiter Dicta

PC Marches On...

The Boy Scouts of America. That very phrase, once upon a time, was right up there with Mom and apple pie: the summation of the American character.

Sadly, the BSA may still be a barometer for the American character in the 1990's, now registering very near the zero mark. Consider several recent announcements issued by the headquarters of BSA in Irving, Texas: Effective immediately, the annual meeting of the Dixie Fellowship (an organization of honor scouts from North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia) will no longer be allowed to use the Confederate Flag. One scout (a politically correct white boy from South Carolina, who was happy to pose for newspaper pictures) said he was offended by the display of the flag. Later it turned out that this sterling young fellow had not even been present at the Fellowship for the past two years. But never mind such minor ironies. The flag is now gone.

Shortly thereafter, the BSA announced formation of a progressive, new division known as "Learning for Life" which will be open to homosexuals, atheists and girls, in an attempt to blunt recent cries of discrimination against those three groups. Gay Eagles? Well, it certainly gives new meaning to the phrase "boy scouts." And as for us, we're glad they're not using the Confederate Flag any more. We don't like to see the Flag sullied by groups who give it a bad name.

And On...

The Boy Scouts are not the only ones busily demonstrating their political correctness. At the University of Kentucky, students were forced to apologize for printing the lyrics to "My Old Kentucky Home" on a school datebook. The offensive line: "Tis summer the darkies are gay." The datebooks are now being collected and destroyed in a bonfire of the vanities. But who can blame African-Americans for objecting to the charge that their sexual orientation changes with the season?

And on...

Down in San Antonio they're making a big fuss over the name of Jefferson Davis High School. Local rabble rousers say the name commerates "a vile and corrupt" government that condoned slavery. They want to rename the school for Thurgood Marshall, who once refered to the Constitution as a racist document. By the time you read this, the San Antonio school board may already have given in to the wrath of the locals. If so, you can bet that the same bunch will be back next year, indignant over the glorification of all those murderous white men who fought at the Alamo, zeroing in on schools named after Crockett and Bowie and Travis. "Doin' right," as the abolitionists used to say, "ain't got no end."

The Thomas Hearings

Now that Clarence Thomas is safely on the Supreme Court, it is time to take stock of what happened.

In the first place, Thomas got bad advice from the White House. During the first (pre-Anita) hearing, Thomas diminshed himself in everyone's eyes by his lame answers, designed to make him sound like Thurgood Marshall's first cousin. The liberal's didn't believe him (and the conservatives didn't respect him) for it.

Arguably, it was his unconvincing performance on substantive issues that persuaded left-ideologues like Kennedy, Metzenbaum and their staffs that they could "Bork" Thomas if only they could dig up a little personal dirt. Enter Anita Hill and the second round of hearings. Fortunately for Bush and for the nation (if indeed Judge Thomas turns out to be a conservative on the bench) Thomas behaved like a man after the personal charges were leveled against him and, by so doing, saved his own nomination.

Two other lessons were learned as well: first, we saw that radical feminism is on the wane. Day by day polling of the American people during the Clarence hearings proved that the National Organization of Women does not represent the views of American women, most of whom believed Thomas over Hill.

And finally, we learned that television is at its best when people can look at the entire action without the selective editing of network news teams. You could see the stunned expressions on the faces of the network journalists when they reported the pro-Thomas verdict of the American people, as reflected in public opinion polls. For once, the media was not the message.

A Modest Proposal

In recent elections, we have seen ballot questions on euthanasia and Congressional term limitation. Why not combine the two into a bill that would legalize the killing of Congressmen?

Jesse Who?

On a cold November day, Jesse Jackson called a press conference to announce that he did not intend to run for president in 1992. Nobody was surprised. Nobody cared.

The Key To A Good Story

This story was making the rounds in Greensboro, North Carolina. It may even be true. A widow had been told by late husband to carry a gun in her purse for protection. Out of respect for his wishes, she began toting a loaded pistol. Recently, she was shopping at a supermarket; and when she came out to her car, loaded down with groceries, she found two young punks sitting in the front seat. "You get out of my car this minute," she told them, unnerved. They sat there are stared at her sullenly. She warned them a second time, and, still, they didn't budge. So she reached into her purse, pulled out the pistol and shoved it through the open window. "If you don't get out of my car this instant," she said in her best Clint Easwood voice, "I'll blow you away!"

Suddenly wide-eyed, the punks slid out of the front seat and took off through the parking lot. She watched until they had disappeared. Then she carried her groceries to the rear of the car and got out her key to unlock the trunk. It didn't fit.

RIP Tennessee Ernie

Tennessee Ernie Ford was one of America's premier country music stars. His recording of "Sixteen Tons" sold over 20 million copoes, and he was a popular television personality when the medium was just beginning to discover itself.

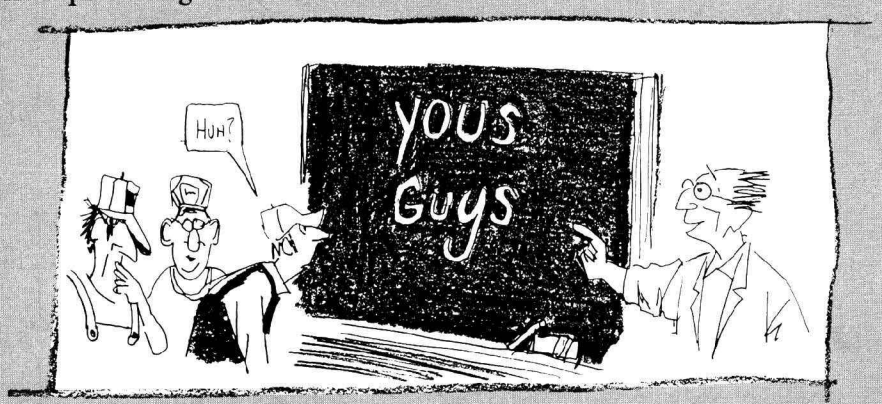
Ernie was so wholesome and down-home in his manner that few people realized he was trained for an operatic career and knew classical music better than he did country-and-western. We will miss him. And we will also miss the cleaner, healthier America he represented. ✪

Scalawag Award

Our cover feature in this issue is a history and defense of the Southern accent. Still, we hesitate somewhat using the phrase "Southern accent" for fear that some might think we are suggesting that only Southerners have accents or that Southerners speak something other than proper English. In truth, every region of America has an accent, the Southern being merely the most pleasing to the ear. At least to our ear.

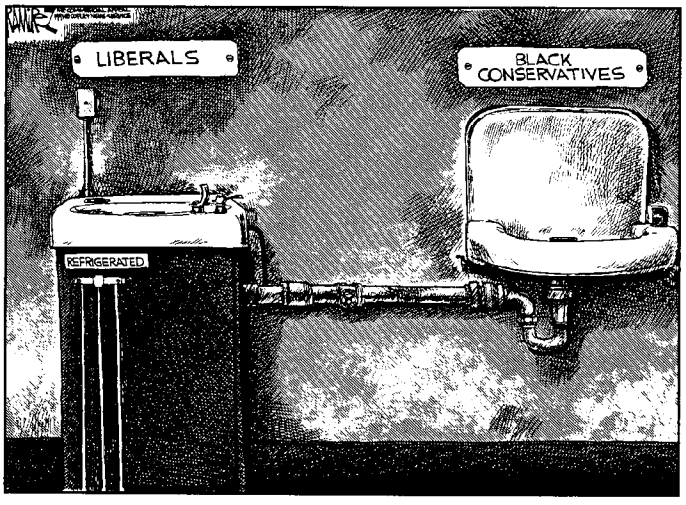
We do not fault Yankees, however, for prefering their own accent, and we are not offended when a visitor pronounces that "Geesh, yous guys tawk funny dawn heah." What does offend us is when our own people start believing them. You can almost forgive a scalawag for financial betrayal. It's one thing to steal our money. We can even tolerate political treachery. But conspiring with Yankees to exterminate our language goes too far.

Our Scalawag this time is David Pence, who moved from Arkansas to Greenville, South Carolina, where he is teaching a course called "How to Control Your Southern Accent." He is promoting his course with a warning: "If you're making a sales call," he says, "you only get one chance." That's true, Mr. Pence. Now you've made yours. And we're not buying. We will dig up the tuition, however, if some enterprising professor offers a course on "How to Get Rid of Scalawags." ✪

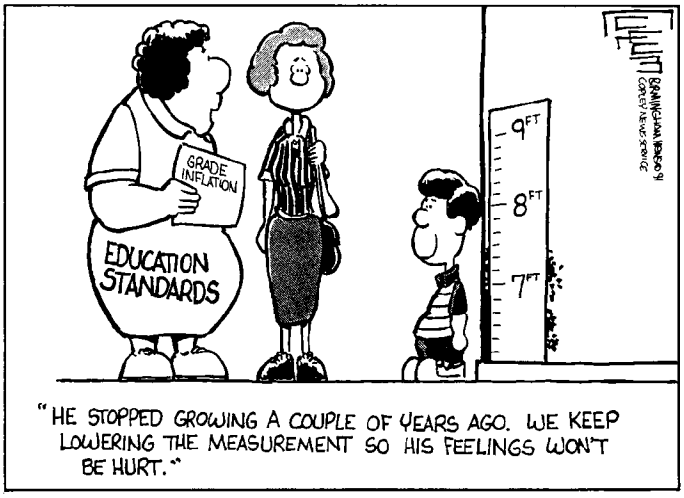


PARTISAN 'TOONS

S.KELLY
CLARENCE THOMAS WOULD NEVER BE A FORCE AGAINST BIGOTRY, PREJUDICE, AND DISCRIMINATION.
VA. GOV. WILDER
I MEAN, LET'S FACE IT, THE MAN'S A CATHOLIC.
VA. GOV. WILDER



TELEVISION GETS MORE STUPID EVERY YEAR!... WHO COMES UP WITH THESE SILLY, IDIOTIC SITCOMS?...
SITCOMS?... THAT'S JUST ANOTHER SENATE CONFIRMATION HEARING!
TV NEW SHOWS
CORRELL



"HE STOPPED GROWING A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO. WE KEEP LOWERING THE MEASUREMENT SO HIS FEELINGS WON'T BE HURT."

"I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO THE FLAG OF THE POLITICALLY CORRECT STATES OF AMERICA, AND TO THE DIVISIVENESS FOR WHICH IT STANDS, PETTY ETHNIC GROUPS, MUTUALLY-EXCLUSIVE, WITH ANIMOSITY AND CONTEMPT FOR ALL. . . ."

CSA TODAY

ALABAMA

There's still a mopping-up operation in the deep South, one that occasionally uncovers hitherto unknown horrors. Recently the Associated Press reported that Lafayette, Alabama still kept separate records for black and white marriages. What's more, the books were marked "white" and — get this — "colored." And if that wasn't enough to curl your hair, here's a local judge's explanation of the practice; "The county was organized in 1832, and it's been handled that way all the time up until today. What's wrong with it?"

Well, with Brooklyn in the midst of a race war and Jeffrey Dahmer dissecting and eating blacks in Minnesota, the Associated Press thought there was just a whole lot wrong with record keeping in Lafayette, so they ran a lengthy story with quotes from the local NAACP and the Alabama Capital Representation Resource Center.

At the next meeting of the Chambers County Commission, the commissioners voted 3-1 to integrate the marriage records, with one absent and one abstaining. Now let's see the New York City Board of Aldermen clear up all their racial problems at the next meeting. And let's see the Milwaukee police abolish interracial cannibalism by a vote of 3-1, with one absent and one abstaining.

NOVEMBER

National Peanut Festival
November 1-9
Dothan, Alabama
(205) 793-4323

Deep South Dulcimer Festival
November 2
Mobile, Alabama
(205) 666-0131

Cotton Country Holidays
November 7-9
Decatur, Alabama
(205) 355-1062

Confederate Encampment
November 9-10
Huntsville, Alabama
(205) 536-2882

DECEMBER

Confederate Encampment
December 7
Demopolis, Alabama
(205) 289-4846

Country Christmas
December 12
Scottsboro, Alabama
(205) 259-5500

Blue-Gray Football Classic
December 25
Montgomery, Alabama
(205) 265-1266

ARKANSAS

As of this writing, Bill Clinton is a candidate for the Presidency, to make a horse race of it, assuming there are other horses in the field.

Clinton may be the best bet left to the Democrats. A Southerner who is tall enough to stand beside George Bush in a debate, he has a good smile and a glib tongue. He has not been the outstanding governor that Democrats claim, but he can present a few education credentials and can say a few good words about welfare reform. That's the kind of stake he needs to get into the game.

But he has drawbacks as well. For one thing, there are the rumors about his sexual exploits, whisperings that have recently made the nation's newspapers. He can't stonewall the questions ; and if there's anything to what's being said, he will be a big loser. "Family" is back in; the Kennedy style is out, particularly after Palm Beach.

His second drawback is the

memory of Jimmy Carter. All too recently Democrats took a chance on an unknown, toothy Southern governor and came up with one of the century's most unattractive presidents. They may be hesitant to do it again. If not, Clinton might give Bush as good a race as anyone else on the horizon.

NOVEMBER

Annual Buck Fever Festival
November 8-9
Banks, Arkansas
(501) 465-2217

South Arkansas Quartet Convention
November 9-10
Hot Springs, Arkansas
(501) 624-4411

American Brittany Club Championship
November 19-December 5
Booneville, Arkansas
(812) 438-2878

DECEMBER

Ozark Christmas
December 6-8
Mountain View, Arkansas
(501) 269-3897

Christmas for Critters
December 7
Roland, Arkansas
(501) 868-5806

Antique Lithographs Exhibit
December 7-February 27
Rogers, Arkansas
(501) 621-1154

FLORIDA

In Inverness, 71-year-old George Binn slipped off a dock and fell right into the jaws of a 7-foot alligator. Most people would have been rattled, but not Mr. Binn, who had watched a lot of wildlife shows on television.

"I wasn't a bit afraid," he said. "I knew just what they usually do."

That very knowledge would have paralyzed most folks; but Mr. Binn, acting quickly and rationally, jabbed his thumb into the gator's eye and made his escape. The last time we heard, Mr. Binn was nursing a broken finger, and Ole Red Eye was still sulking in deep water.

NOVEMBER

Ham Jam Festival
November 1-2
Green Cove Springs, Florida
(904) 264-2651

Down Home Days
November 9
Trenton, Florida
(904) 463-6327

Florida Classic Football Weekend
November 28-30
Tampa, Florida
(800) 44-TAMPA

DECEMBER

Christmas Stroll
December 7
Dade City, Florida
(813) 353-0404

Festival of Trees
December 7-8
Gainesville, Florida
(904) 378-6912

Blockbuster Bowl
December 28
Miami, Florida
(305) 468-1200

GEORGIA

Sam Nunn, the Senate's self-appointed Secretary of State, got good television coverage recently on his tour of the Soviet Union. There he was, standing on the sidewalks of Moscow, ordering Soviet officials around like he owned the place. He sounded strong, authoritative, and — well — presidential. Or so his admirers are saying, despite the fact that Nunn says he isn't a candidate.

Is Nunn likely to run for the big one, despite what he has said? Our most reliable Washington observers tend to doubt it, since the Democrats are gearing their campaign to domestic issues, where Nunn has fewer credentials. But don't rule him out. If no one credible steps forward, look for a Nunn trial balloon. Nunn's supporters are really looking beyond 1992 to 1996, when Bush will be retiring, when Quayle and Pete Wilson will be the chief Republican hopefuls, and when foreign policy may again be a good issue for Democrats.

KENTUCKY

The death of Happy Chandler marks the end of an era in Southern oratory. After nine decades Chandler could still stand up and entertain audiences for an hour or more with his tall tales and one liners.

Of course, his oratory had its downside. Many still remember the embarrassment of his last national appearance, when he spoke at his Baseball Hall of Fame induction and delivered a comic monologue ridiculing his wife, while the poor woman sat in the audience and watched stonefaced. ("I haven't spoken to my wife in three days. I didn't want to interrupt her.")

His style of delivery dies with him, never to be resurrected —and the region is poorer for it. It was 19th century in its origins and grassroots in its humor. So was Chandler.

NOVEMBER

Antique Tractor Pull
November 2
Bowling Green, Kentucky
(502) 745-2969

International Livestock Exhibition
November 19-22
Louisville, Kentucky
(502) 588-3166

Shaker Breakfast
November 16
South Union, Kentucky
(502) 542-4167

DECEMBER

Madrigal Dinner
December 6-8
Frankfort, Kentucky
(502) 227-7430

Christmas in Shepherdsville
December 7
Shepherdsville, Kentucky
(800) 526-2068

Christmas Sing in the Cave
December 14
Mammoth Cave
(502) 758-2251

Railway Excursion
December 14
Paris, Kentucky
(606) 293-0807

LOUISIANA

Well, at last there's a bill that Governor Buddy Roemer will sign. He vetoed three anti-abortion bills and an anti-pornography bill, but he agreed to sign legislation permitting casino gambling on all the state's rivers, lakes, and waterways — but only in paddlewheel boats. (Governor Roemer is nothing if not moderate.)

Meanwhile, because of his abortion vetoes, the Rev. Lee McColloster, vicar general of the Orthodox Catholic Diocese of Louisiana, has excommunicated Governor Roemer.

Said McColloster: "Buddy Roemer by his actions in the abortion issue has continually gone against Christ's teachings."

Of course, Roemer doesn't belong to the Orthodox Catholic Church, which also refuses to recognize the pope; but Vicar General McColloster said he could excommunicate the Governor anyway. As for Roemer, he didn't like it a bit.

"I don't like being excommunicated," he said, "no matter whose organization it is."

NOVEMBER

Cajun Heritage Festival
November 1-3
Raceland, Louisiana
(504) 537-3236

Gueydan Duck Festival
November 7-10
Gueydan, Louisiana
(318) 536-6780

Southern Gospel Music Festival
November 8-9
Kentwood, Louisiana
(504) 229-7194

DECEMBER

Handel's *Messiah*
December 1
Lake Charles, Louisina
(318) 475-5033

Creole Christmas
December 1-31
New Orleans, Louisiana
(504) 522-5730

Festival of the Bonfires
December 14-15
Convent, Louisiana
(504) 562-2418

MARYLAND

For a while it looked like a major scandal. Mr. Thomas Sharps, a 71-year-old man from Annapolis, died of a heart attack while an Annapolis ambulance was taking Hilda Mae Snoops to a hospital in Baltimore. Mrs. Snoops is usually described as "the longtime companion" of Governor William Donald Schaefer. Mrs. Snoops, it seems, took a fall and was taken to a distant hospital rather than one right around the corner from the Governor's mansion. An ambulance from nearby Anne Arundel County had to be called for Mr. Sharps.

All of this led to charges of political preference, denials, and growing hostility among local officials in Annapolis. But the furor died down after Frank Traynor, Gov. Schaefer's courtly press secretary, ended the controversy by calling the charges of preferential treatment "crap." Who says gentility perished at Appomattox?

NOVEMBER

Oyster Day
St. Michaels, Maryland
(301) 745-2916

Waterfowl Festival
Easton, Maryland
(301) 822-4567

DECEMBER

Winter Festival of Lights
Upper Marlboro, Maryland
(301) 699-2555

Battlefield Illumination
Hagerstown, Maryland
(301) 791-3130

New Years Eve Spectacular
Baltimore, Maryland
(301) 332-4191

MISSISSIPPI

Mayor Clyde Cade of West, Mississippi decided to retire, and the folks there held a big party at City Hall to honor him. Actually, Clyde hadn't been in office very long. He took over in January of 1988, after his predecessor resigned; and he was reelected in 1989. For a Mississippi politician, that's a relatively short time; but after attending a number of local funerals in his official capacity he decided to call it quits and slow down a little. It was that phrase the preacher was always reading: "a time to be born and a

time to die."

"I figure there's a time to be elected and a time to retire," he said.

Of course this is really his second retirement. He was a rural mail carrier for 40 years and retired in 1962 from that job. Clyde is now 94.

NOVEMBER

Scottish Heritage Day
November 1-2
Jackson, Mississippi
(601) 354-6113

Biblical Themes
November-December
Laurel, Mississippi
(601) 649-6374

WBTS Re-enactment
November 2
Florewood River Plantation
Greenwood, Mississippi
(601) 455-3821

National Sweet Potato Festival
November 2-9
Vardaman, Mississippi
(601) 682-7487

DECEMBER

Christmas at Blue Bluff
December 7
Aberdeen, Mississippi
(601) 369-6488

Victorian Christmas
December
Natchez, Mississippi
(601) 446-6345

Luminaria on the Bayou
December 24
Iverness, Mississippi
(601) 265-5741

MISSOURI

In Kansas City, ten-year-old Jonathan Carter was going to bed when his pregnant mother went into labor. He helped her to a sofa, then called the Metropolitan Ambulance Service and told dispatcher Connie Guerrero that the baby was on its way. The dispatcher asked the boy if he could see the head. He looked and replied, "It's coming, it's coming!"

Following instructions from the dispatcher, Jonathan managed to grip the infant and help his mother deliver it. The newborn child was in great shape when the ambulance arrived.

When asked about the incident later, Jonathan was upbeat. "It was very exciting," he said. "It was mushy and slippery."

NOVEMBER

Textile Diaries
November 3-December 9
Poplar Bluff, Missouri
(314) 686-8002

Harpsichord Concert
November 16
Independence, Missouri
(816) 833-1000

1882 Christmas
November 30-December 7
Platte City, Missouri
(816) 431-3599

DECEMBER

Christmas at Graceland
December 1
Mexico, Missouri
(314) 581-3910

Newborn King Pageant
December 1-15
Branson, Missouri
(417) 334-4191

Mandrell Christmas Show
December 20
Joplin, Missouri
(417) 623-1800

NORTH CAROLINA

Lauren Cook Burgess of Fayetteville is the woman who wants to participate in Confederate reenactments— as a man. As a matter of fact, she managed to join several stagings before a National Park Service ranger took a hard look at her and blew the whistle.

As a number of commentators have already pointed out, there were women who fought in the Confederate Army disguised as men. One even bore a child on the battlefield. But the question remains: Is Ms. Burgess really interested in the old War Between the States or is she just interested in the current War Between the Sexes? Her framing of the debate gives us a clue: She refers to those who oppose her participation as "a small faction of rednecks."

One of our readers has taken exception to the characterization.

"I come from an old aristocratic family," he said. "If she thinks I'm a redneck, let her say it to my face. I'll beat the #@*+ out of her."

NOVEMBER

Education Day
November 1
Aycock Birthplace
Fremont, North Carolina
(919) 242-5581

President Polk's Birthday
November 2
Polk Memorial
Pineville, North Carolina
(704) 889-7145

Educational Program
November 16
Fort Fisher
Kure Beach, North Carolina
(919) 458-5538

DECEMBER

A Victorian Christmas
December 8
Thomas Wolfe Memorial
Asheville, North Carolina
(704) 253-8304

Christmas Open House
December 8
Historic Bath
Bath, North Carolina
(919) 923-3971

Elizabethan Christmas
December 8
Elizabeth II
Manteo, North Carolina
(919) 473-1144

OKLAHOMA

Teenager Jason Jackson pleaded no contest to the charge that he snatched off the toupee of his principal and tossed it on the ground. Jackson was fined $77, but the judge ruled that the crime would not go on his record. This decision infuriated Don Moore, Charles Page High School principal.

"I want the jerk to have this on his record," he said. "A long time ago I decided to wear a hairpiece because I liked the way it changed my looks. I don't care who he is, he has no right to pull it from my head."

NOVEMBER

Will Rogers Day
November 4
Claremore, Oklahoma
(800) 828-9643

World of Wood
November 8-10
Tulsa, Okalhoma
(918) 446-6701

Statehood Day
November 15
Guthrie, Oklahoma
(405) 282-4123

DECEMBER

Annual Pecan Show
November 4
Healdton, Oklahoma
(405) 229-0900

Steer and Heifer Show
November 6-7
Tishomingo, Oklahoma
(405) 371-2175

Country Christmas
November 14
Ologah, Oklahoma
(918) 443-2790

SOUTH CAROLINA

The junior Senator from South Carolina is going for the record in the category of self-inflicted wounds:

First, he admitted purchasing his suits tailor-made from Korea (while representing a textile state whose economy is coming unraveled by cheap imports). Then, after the war in the gulf, he criticized Americans for wearing yellow ribbons. ("If you really want to help," he said, "wave your check books to pay for the war.") And, now, when recently asked whether he believed Clarence Thomas or Anita Hill, he said: "Well, I don't believe Miss Hill was afraid of losing her job. A fine looking woman like that could find a job anywhere."

Senator Ernest F. "Fritz" Hollings continues to talk with his mouth full of foot. This double-dipped Democrat is up for re-election next year. And Republicans are sharpening their knives, in a kind and gentle way.

NOVEMBER

Colonial Cup
November 16
Camden, South Carolina
(803) 432-6513

Christmas Regatta
November 23
N. Myrtle Beach, South Carolina
(803) 249-4131

Plantation Days
Mid-November
Charleston, South Carolina
(803) 556-6020

DECEMBER

Celebration of Historic Houses
December 6-14
Clemson, South Carolina
(803) 656-0671

Conway Christmas Parade
December 7
Conway, South Carolina
(803) 248-2273

Country Christmas Boat Parade
December 7
Lake Murray
Columbia, South Carolia
(803) 781-5940

TENNESSEE

In Morristown they have reported another death directly resulting from religious snake handling. Jimmy Ray Williams, Jr. was bitten on the arm by a 3-foot black timber rattler during a service at the House of Prayer in Jesus Name. He later died. Jimmy Ray's father (Jimmy Ray, Sr.) died after drinking strychnine at a similar service in 1973.

The Biblical passage used to justify this kind of conduct is Mark 16:18 — "They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." The passage is spoken by the risen Christ, who comes to His eleven disciples and upbraids them for their "unbelief and hardness of heart." The words are pretty unambiguous, and true believers have to be a little nervous about their implications.

The state of Tennessee, in an attempt to discourage this kind of conduct, has made it a misdemeanor (cruelty to animals) punishable by six months in jail. Pastor Liston Pack, Jimmy Ray's stepfather, argued before the U. S. Supreme Court that the statute violated his right to freedom of religion, but the High Court upheld the law. So the House of Prayer service in which Jimmy Ray Williams, Jr. participated was an act of civil disobedience.

It is easy to dismiss these folks as "religious fanatics" or "ultrafundamentalists," and perhaps they are. But in an age when mainline Christianity demands nothing of its adherents except political correctness, we can't help feeling admiration for such absolute faith, even as we lament the misguided literalism of these people. When the Battle of Armageddon begins, you can be certain that the Jimmy Ray Williamses of the world will be

there with guns and ammunition, while the National Council of Churches will be trying to negotiate peace with the enemy—peace at any price.

NOVEMBER

Possum Festival
November 2-3
Lexington, Tennessee
(901) 968-5222

Christmas at Twitty City
November 22-December 31
Hendersonville, Tennessee
(615) 822-6650

Christmas in Dixie
November 29-December 21
Pigeon Forge, Tennessee
(615) 453-9473

Christmas 1860
November 30-December 1
Smyrna, Tennessee
(615) 459-2341

TEXAS

If you're wondering why John McElroy's volume, *The Compleat Armadillo*, has not yet appeared, it is because his publisher, The Last Peso Press, has run into legal difficulties. The Texas Society for the Preservation of Armadillos has obtained a temporary injunction, until McElroy can respond to charges that he has lifted materials verbatim from TSPA archives.

McElroy's publisher, Jimmy Bell, said in response to the charges: "In the first place, the minutes are not copyrighted. But even if they had been, John McElroy has properly footnoted all references and has attributed all quotations to proper sources. I believe he found about 15 usable items from TSPA files and he acknowledged them. Nothing was quoted verbatim. The prose in the TSPA minutes was too bad to quote. The organization has been in operation for 42 years and has only had two presidents, a mother and her daughter, both of them practically illiterate."

Mrs. John Grubbs, current president of the organization, would not answer questions about the case, on advice of her attorney.

"You can tell ole Jimmy Bell we'll see him in court," she said.

The book has been rescheduled for spring of 1992.

VIRGINIA

Doug Wilder, who had a good chance to be the Democratic nominee in 1992, has just about eliminated himself from the running — though he hasn't realized it yet. His suggestion that Supreme Court nominee Clarence Thomas might have a higher loyalty to the Vatican than to the U. S. Constitution has angered a number of people, including Democratic leaders in the heavily Catholic state of New Hampshire. Wilder's remarks were even more irresponsible given the fact that Thomas, though raised in parochial school, attends a charismatic Episcopal church in Virginia.

It is interesting to note that Wilder, the first black elected as governor of a state, should be so politically obtuse. How many public figures — from Earl Butts to Jimmy the Greek — have lost their jobs because they offended, however unintentionally, the self-appointed guardians of the minority community. Now Wilder is wandering around, an incredulous grin on his face, saying, "Hey, fellows, I didn't mean any harm. Let's just forget it, OK.?"

It would be nice to think that we lived in a time when we could forget such essentially careless remarks, when they didn't carry the same stigma as a felony conviction. But we have not arrived at that point yet; and Governor Wilder will have to learn, if he has not learned already, that black folks aren't immune from the charge of bigotry, and that such a charge, once leveled, is the equivalent of political death.

NOVEMBER

First Thanksgiving Reencactment
November 3
Charles City, Virginia
(804) 829-6018

18th Century Threshing Day
November 17
McLean, Virginia
(703) 442-7557

DECEMBER

Presidential Open House
James Monroe Museum
December 7
Fredericksburg, Virginia
(703) 899-4559

Gunston Hall's Carols by Candlelight
December 13-15
Mason Neck, Virginia
(703) 550-9220

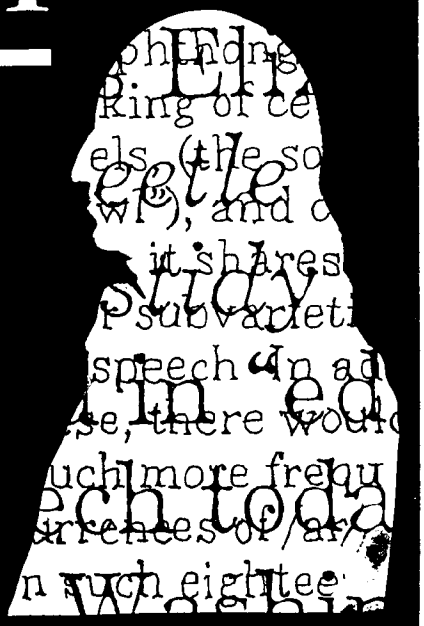
Confederate Christmas
December 13
Hopewell, Virginia
(804) 541-2206
December 14-15
Newport News, Virginia
(804) 247-8523

129th Anniversary
Battle of Fredericksburg
December 15
Fredericksburg, Virginia
(703) 373-4461

Southern Speech

Defending the Badge of Our Identity

by Roger W. Cole



Roger W. Cole is Director of the Division of Language at the University of South Florida.

A little while ago, I spent some time at Colonial Williamsburg as a tourist. While my wife was getting dressed for dinner our first evening, I happened to watch a short film on TV entitled *Portrait of a Patriot*, which, I learned, was piped into all of the area hotels and motels. Briefly, the film is set in and around Williamsburg in the year or so preceding the Declaration of Independence, and attempts to dramatize the gradual evolution of its fictional protagonist, a young planter who succeeds his conservative father in the Virginia House of Burgesses, from Tory to "Patriot." Historical figures portrayed in the film include Patrick Henry, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, William Byrd, and Peyton Randolph, to mention a few. What struck me about the film as a linguist, however, was the fact that every one of the actors portraying these eminent Colonial Virginians had a regional accent typical of the Midwest, so that Washington and Jefferson *et al.* tended to sound like, say, Adlai Stevenson. As one who is fond of shocking his students by pointing out that George Washington probably sounded more like Pat Robertson than the late Illinois senator, I wondered again if the linguistic implications of Washington's birthplace ever occur to Southerners who are not academics. Of course one could simply dismiss the matter as another of those amusing little ironies: Colonial Williamsburg prides itself in *authenticity*; however, such fastidiousness seldom extends to matters of linguistic verisimilitude. However, as most Southerners are somewhat aware, the failure to attend to such matters as authentic accents in recent historical films and TV productions is really quite *selective* where the accents in question are Southern. In the film in question, for example, the character of John Murray, 4th Earl of Dunmore, the royal governor of Virginia on the eve of the Revolution, who appears just long enough to dissolve the Virginia assembly, is played by an actor with an appropriate British accent, even though he speaks only two lines in the entire film. It is only Washington, Jefferson, Henry, Byrd, etc., whose accents receive no such attention.

There are several possible explanations for the consistent failure to represent the Southern accents of certain important figures in American history. One might be that, lacking sound recordings, we don't know what the English of Colonial Virginians (or any variety of Colonial American English) sounded like. This argument is unfounded, though it may surprise the layman to hear this. Linguists have long had both adequate methodologies and abundant evidence for fairly reliable reconstructions of the pronunciation features of varieties of both British and American English of earlier periods in the history of the English language, extending back to the Anglo-Saxon era in Great Britain a millennium and a half ago. While such scientific reconstructions cannot offer

cannot offer 100% accuracy, their acceptance among linguists is largely uncontroversial. Therefore, the argument that we don't know, within reasonable limits of scientific inquiry, how Washington and Jefferson pronounced their English, is patently false. But, what then did their English sound like?

In considering the history and development of American English, we must remember that those courageous folk who ventured westward into the unknown with Captain John Smith, as well as those who followed them later in the seventeenth century, were speaking and writing the English language as it was currently used in England. Consequently, whatever processes operated to produce those differences in British and American English which existed by the last quarter of the eighteenth century, and those that exist today, must have taken place in American English after colonization, or occurred in British English after the emigrants left, or both. Actually, contrary to what most laymen believe, it is the latter which is largely the case: we Americans speak an old-fashioned variety of the mother tongue.

The fact is that the emigres who accompanied Smith learned their native tongue long before 1607. A man of forty on the Jamestown expedition would have begun acquiring his English about the same time Shakespeare did; John Rolfe, for example, the future husband of Pocahontas, probably acquired his English about 1587. In short, the Virginia colonists spoke Elizabethan English, the language of Shakespeare, Marlowe, and Bacon, when they came to America, and not the later, measurably different, English of Dryden, Defoe, and Bunyan. Linguists believe that an especially isolated variety still spoken by the inhabitants of Tangier Island, near the Virginia Cape, at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, contains survivals of many of these earlier features.

What are the prominent components of the pronunciation we are talking about? It will come as no surprise to many Virginians that the variety of speech which we associate with the Tidewater—Coastal or Lowland Southern, it is usually called —today retains most of the relevant features. There is no greater authority on this subject, incidentally, than the late South Carolina linguist Raven I. McDavid, to whom I am greatly indebted. Without getting too technical about it, these include: (l) the loss of final and preconsonantal /r/, which pronunciation feature most varieties of Southern English share with New England varieties, and with London English since the seventeenth century, but *not* with Middle Atlantic and subsequent Midwestern varieties, whose linguistic forebears came from other areas of England; (2) the notorious centralization of the first formant of the diphthong in words like *house* and *mouse* to sound like (roughly) *huh-oose,* a pronunciation shared with many Charlestonians, as well as certain natives of Canada; (3) diphthongization and breaking of certain simple vowels, (the so-called

"drawl"), and other features which it shares with most other subvarieties of Southern speech. In addition to these, there would have been much more frequent occurrences of /ar/ as revealed in such eighteenth century (mis)spellings as *larning* (for *learning*), and *sartin* (for *cer tain*), as well as Elizabethan survivals like *leetle (little), bile (boil),* and *stidy (steady)* than are heard in "educated" Southern speech today. To put it simply, Washington, Jefferson, etc., would have sounded like the Virginians they were, and certainly much more like today's Southerners than, say Barry Bostick, who played Washington in the TV miniseries.

Since we know this much from the studies of the dialectologists, we must look elsewhere for an explanation for the failure to represent the regional accents of important American historical figures. Here we must rely upon the insights of *sociolinguistics,* the study of the social implications of language variation. This perspective is needed because of another possible explanation for the phenomenon: that it doesn't matter. As matter of fact, it does seem to matter —in selected cases. This is very evident when one compares the treatment in the arts (TV, movies, etc.) of the speech of "important" figures such as "good ole" Abraham Lincoln.

As a Floridian, I find myself frequently at Walt Disney World's Magic Kingdom and Epcot Center entertaining visiting friends and relatives. Many visitors, especially foreigners, are fond of the exhibits incorporating elements of earlier America, such as "The Hall of Presidents," whose "animatronics" include all the presidents, some of whom speak over a film strip chronicling the principal events in American history. The most prominent participant in the chronicle is Lincoln, whose voice occupies over half the sound track. In some promotional literature, one is told, vaguely, that the Disney people went to considerable expense and effort to research and reconstruct the voice, speaking style, and regional accent of The Great Emancipator. I, for one, believe it. The result is most convincing: the Ohio Valley components of the re-creation are entirely consistent with everything that linguists and historians have generally held about the speech of the region in the nineteenth century, and Lincoln as an exemplar of it. What ought to strike Southerners as inconsistent, however, are the brief remarks of George Washington: the dialect of the actor speaking his lines is *upper Midwestern.* The only Southern president permitted a native accent in the presentation is Andrew Jackson, who is heard threatening to hang fellow Southerners from South Carolina during the Nullification Crisis. Obviously, it is permissible to sound Southern only when expressing views contrary to those of most of one's churlish regional contemporaries. One can only wonder at the shock that would race through the audience were George Washington's comments on the Constitution to be intoned in his true native accent.

... it is permissible to sound Southern only when expressing views ...

It is interesting to ask, therefore, whether or not there exists any major Hollywood film, or any TV production, wherein Washington, Jefferson, or Patrick Henry appear as characters and speak with anything remotely resembling authentic Virginia/Southern accents. No well-known examples come to mind, though admittedly, the number of films in which these august personages appear is understandably small. Sociolinguistic studies show that how one speaks is inextricably bound up with one's identity. Speech is likely to be the most reliable determiner of both regional origin and social class. The situation in England, where there exists a single "Received Pronunciation" (RP), is illustrative. Today, RP is a social class dialect, not a regional one (although historically it developed from the latter). In England, therefore, anyone with education, regardless of regional origin, speaks RP at least some of the time.

Furthermore, *all* regional dialects in England, from Yorkshire to Cornwall, are considered nonstandard to some degree. The United States, by contrast, because of its size, cultural diversity, and absence of the sharp class divisions of England, has always had several *regional* standards in speech. One can sound "educated" in any of the regional varieties, whether it be New England, Southern, Midwestern, or Southwestern speech.

It is frequently asked whether there is any particular variety of speech which is "general" or "standard American." Sociolinguists answer this by pointing to the wide acceptance of Midwestern speech (which stretches to California, incidentally) as the variety which calls the least amount of attention to itself: that is, Americans themselves have greater difficulty "locating" persons whose speech is Midwestern, as opposed to most other varieties. And, of course, it is the one which dominates in the national media. The last few presidents illustrate the point: Americans had little difficulty "placing" Carter, LBJ, or Kennedy; but where are Nixon or Reagan "from"? However, the emergence of Midwestern as something like Standard American is a phenomenon of the post-Appomattox era.

It is also interesting to study the evolution of American "stage" pronunciation in films and the media since the thirties. For many years, eastern New England speech was considered the finest in America, probably because of certain similarities to British RP (similarities, I must add, that quite escape the notice of British laymen). One of the paramount features of both eastern New England and British RP is the loss of /r/ finally and before consonants, a feature which, ironically, they share with most varieties of Southern, as noted earlier. I should like to focus upon this pronunciation feature for a brief space.

Virtually all radio announcers and movie stars of the thirties and forties learned to speak like "upper crust" New Englanders. Even in her earliest films, Joan Crawford, for example, originally from Texas, spoke flawless "New Englandese." The most "aristocratic" actress in American films, Katherine Hepburn, nowhere (to my knowledge) ever pronounced an /r/ before a consonant, even though she came from that part of Connecticut which regularly pronounces the /r/. Judy Garland's "stage dialect" in *The Wizard of Oz* is amusing in this respect: she switches between the Tinman's *heart,* pronounced with her native California /r/, and most other contexts where she pronounces the word as if it rhymed with *hot.* And all this in Kansas.

Another example of this "code switching" is more studied and intentional. In *Blackmail,* veteran actor Edward G. Robinson controls his character switches by manipulating /r/'s. In his respectable pillar-of-the-community guise, he says "impawtant" *(important),* "stawm" *(storm),* and "remembah" *(remember);* but when he is sent to prison, the /r/'s suddenly emerge.

The attempt to represent authentic Southern speech in films of this era is more complex. Formula Westerns ("oaters" or "horse operas," if you will) employing "stage" (pun intended) Southwestern is certainly a Southern variety, and, interestingly, almost thoroughly stereotyped in this genre, with all the "yuh bettuh smile when yuh say that, podnuh" dialect clichés. The Eastern "tenderfoot" with his New England accent is generally a figure of ridicule in the Western. Similarly stereotyped in the thirties and forties is the speech of blacks, whose dialect, a variety of nonstandard Southern, is well known from *Amos and Andy* and the Kingfish, to Bill "Bojangles" Robinson. To round out this picture of stereotypes, we need only Shirley Temple's grandpa (Lionel Barrymore) in *The Little Colonel,* and Fred Allen's Senator Claghorn. In general, as any

Southwestern is certainly a Southern variety, and, interestingly, almost thoroughly stereotyped...

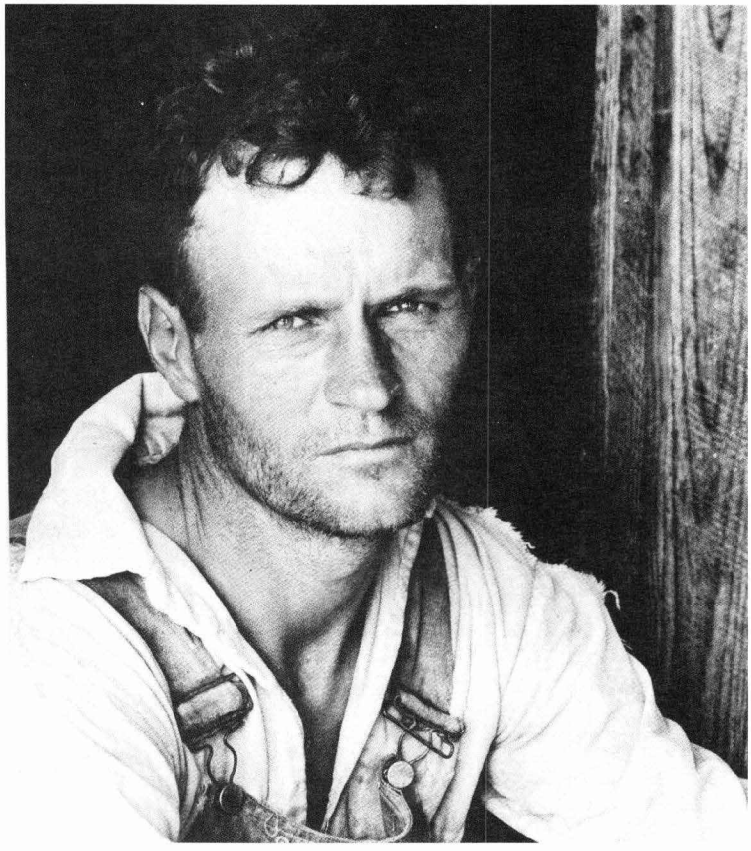
Southerner has realized, the varieties of Southern speech used in films of this period are for purposes of depicting the uneducated cowhand or black, or at the other end of the social spectrum, archetypes of a decadent civilization or remnants of a faded elegance.

The great exception, of course, as every Southerner also knows, is the 1939 classic *Gone With the Wind* (GWTW). There are many accounts of British actress Vivian Leigh's studied effort and spectacular success in affecting Southern speech (which, she attributed, in part, to the *similarities* between Southern and British RP!). Her repeat success a dozen years later in her portrayal of Tennessee Williams's Blanche DuBois in *A Streetcar Named Desire* convinced an entire generation of moviegoers that she was American-born. The achievement is all the more remarkable when measured against the pale efforts of the male stars, including veteran actor and fellow Britisher Leslie Howard as Ashley Wilkes, and "matinee idol" Clark Gable as the roguish Rhett Butler. Only Olivia DeHaviland's Melanie seems to come close to the mark. Clark Gable's effort shows some of the same confusion and "code switching" that afflicted Judy Garland's Dorothy. As a Charlestonian, his accent should have many of the features discussed earlier; however, he affects something resembling Southern speech only in addressing black characters in moments of friendly banter. As such his language becomes what it is: the aristocrat's patronizing descent to the linguistic register of an inferior.

Of course, the film's linguistic fullness is provided mostly by the minor characters, especially the blacks. Hattie McDaniel's Mammie and Butterfly McQueen's Prissy are now legendary. The only additional authenticity that could have been achieved in that sphere would have been to have had some of the field hands speak the plantation Creole Gullah (like Joel Chandler Harris's Uncle Remus), in which case no one would have understood them without subtitles.

Starting in the 1950s, however, there began to be a noticeable change in the accent used by radio and, later, TV announcers, and by many screen stars as well. With respect to the /r/ pronunciation rules especially, New Englandese was no longer the prestige dialect favored in broadcasting and acting schools. By the 1960s, the likes of Chet Huntley, David Brinkley, and Walter Cronkite had established an /r/-full (pun intended) Midwestern speech as the "standard" for the national media.

The treatment of Southern speech in the arts since the fifties is a study in social decline. The social perceptions of varieties of Southern speech from Colonial times to the present are illustrative of an important sociolinguistic principle: that the prestige value of any dialect at any point in its history is attributable entirely to *extralinguistic* factors rather than to any intrinsic features of language itself. Any dialect will share the fate of the community that speaks it. In



value of Southern varieties of English, used as it was by "founding fathers" such as Washington, Jefferson, and Henry, must have been uniformly high—indeed on the same level as that of eastern New England both in the Colonial period and in the Roosevelt era. Since four of the first five U. S. presidents were Virginians, as every schoolchild used to know, and nine of the first fifteen were Southerners, it is fair to say that Southern speech maintained its lofty status until 1865 or thereabouts. Beginning with Grant, seven of the next dozen presidents were Midwesterners (actually, all seven were from Ohio), marking the beginning of the shift toward Midwestern as Standard American English.

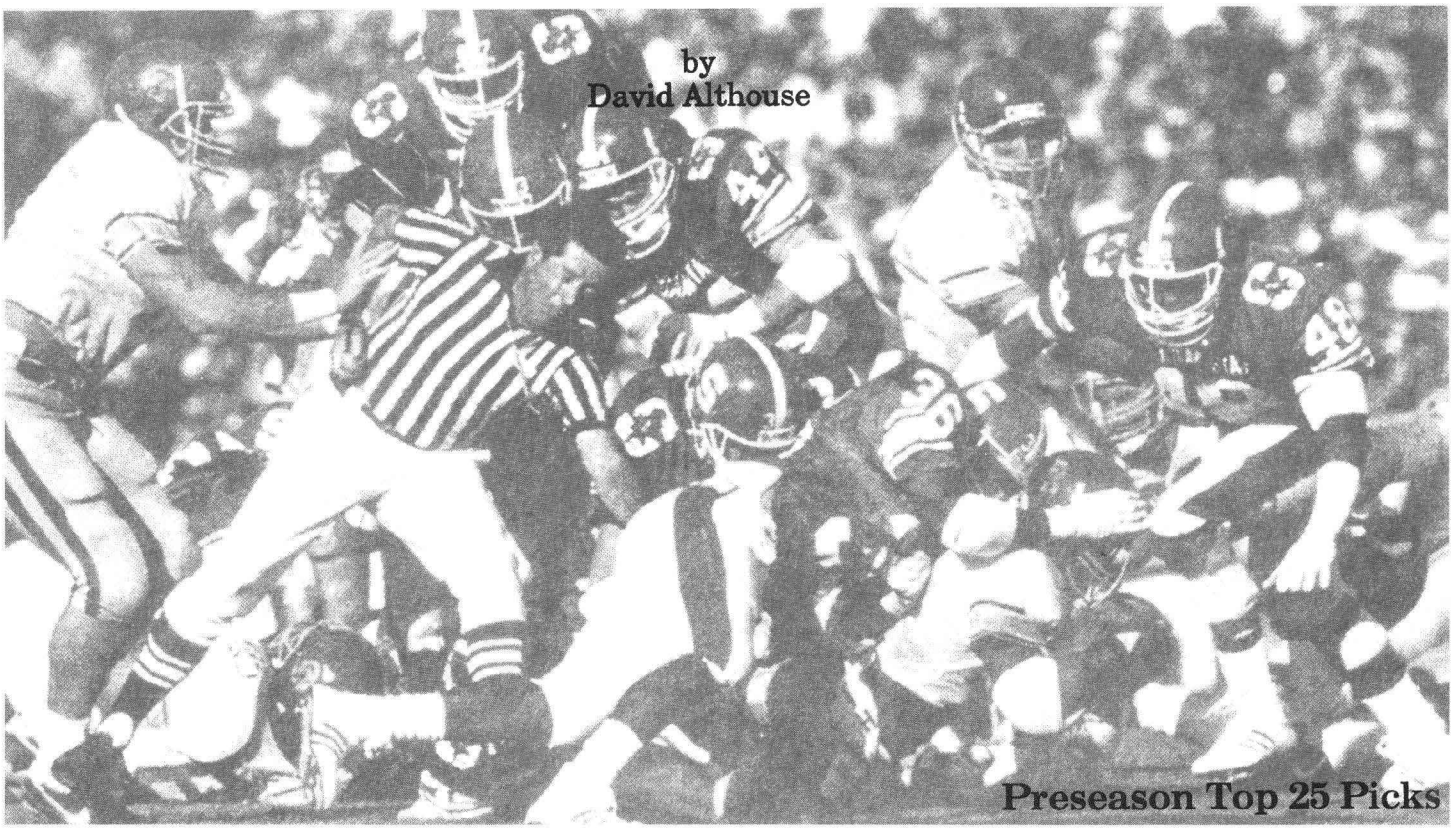
Because of the performing arts and the media, dominated as they are by centers outside the South, it is difficult for any contemporary American, *including Southerners,* to hear in the tones of any variety of Southern speech anything resembling the prestige it once commanded. Today, outside the South itself, it is nonstandard — its educated use suggesting a decadent culture, its other registers evoking images of ignorance and provincialism. In fact, its use in film, beginning about the time of *Brown v. Board,* has been to reinforce precisely such images. Everyone may have his own candidate, but one that sticks out in my mind is *The Heat of the Night* with Rod Steiger and Sidney Poitier. Steiger affects the Southern accent appropriate

for the Hollywood stereotype of a benighted rural Mississippi sheriff, while Poitier's visual blackness is counter-pointed by his educated Philadelphia speech, so that all questions of *real* inferiority are resolved. Other examples abound.

Pronunciation, of course, is only one component of language. There are also the grammatical structures, vocabulary, and certain other features, notably what Andrew Lytle has called "speech rhythms." Cleanth Brooks has argued, moreover, that the characteristic figurative expressions and sayings, idioms and locutions, are the elements of Southern speech which make it so rich a resource for its literary artists. But pronunciation is in the vanguard, for it is the component most immediately experienced by the senses. The deracination of Southerners like Washington and Jefferson through the "standardization" of their native idiom when they are portrayed in the popular arts and media is simply another aspect — however little appreciated of the broader historical revisionism, based upon liberal ideology, which would deny the role of anything distinctively Southern in the origin and development of America. The soul of a people is embodied in the language peculiar to them, especially those who have suffered the gall of defeat and the extraction of tribute. Southerners know this, perhaps, in the same way that the Irish, the Welsh, and the Scots do. More than the Confederate Flag or any other symbol, our native language is the badge of our identity. Its distinctiveness —and ours—is amply demonstrated in the greatest literature this century has produced. We should assert with an equally stubborn pride its glories in the everyday vernacular. ✪

The New WAR Between the States

by David Althouse



Preseason Top 25 Picks

1. **Florida State**
2. Michigan
3. **Florida**
4. **Miami (Fla.)**
5. Penn St.
6. Notre Dame
7. **Georgia Tech**
8. Washington
9. **Tennessee**
10. **Clemson**
11. **Texas**
12. Iowa
13. **Auburn**
14. **Oklahoma**
15. Southern Cal
16. **Texas A&M**
17. Ohio St.
18. Nebraska
19. Syracuse
20. **Houston**
21. Air Force
22. UCLA
23. **Alabama**
24. Michigan St.
25. Colorado

It's the beginning of autumn in Dixie, and you just went through another hot, humid Southern summer. You waited patiently for your reward, however, and now it's finally here: crisper, cooler days, colorful fall leaves, deer season, the beginning of the holidays — and football, a sport in which the South has become increasingly dominant.

That's right, dominant. Indeed, folks in Dixie have adopted football as one of their chief weekend pastimes. Yes, you heard it here first: football now occupies a top spot on the list of Southern cultural activities — right up there with coon hunts, blue grass festivals and barbeques.

Visit nearly any Southern town on a Friday night and you will find most folks down at the high school football field, cheering on their local titans of the turf. In fact, these Friday night high school pigskin contests comprise the main source of fall entertainment for thousands of small towns throughout the South.

These high school champions, in turn, serve as the farm team for the great Southern college power houses, of which there are many — Oklahoma, Alabama, Auburn, Georgia, Clemson, Miami, Arkansas, Tennessee, Texas, Louisiana State, Florida, Florida State, Mississippi and others. Some of these teams are nothing less than college football

dynasties, earning top spots in the Associated Press post-season top twenty year in and year out.

Even though it was once a sport in which the North excelled, a review of the last half-century shows football has moved South in a very big way. Southern dominance in college football can be demonstrated by reviewing each AP post-season top twenty listing since 1936, the year of this ranking's inception. From 1936 to 1990, a 55-year period, there were only 15 years in which Southern colleges did not comprise the largest plurality of teams listed in this post-season ranking. 40 years out of 55 isn't too shabby.

This kind of record should come as no surprise, for Southerners take their football almost as seriously as they do their politics and religion. To many Southerners, criticism of the home state's college football team is tantamount to criticism of the state itself. Fred Akers summed up this attitude when he explained to his players the importance of the famous Oklahoma-Texas rivalry: "All that's involved is personal pride, university pride, and state pride." The Longhorns have another fierce rival in the Arkansas Razorbacks; once, things got so heated between these two teams that President Richard Nixon himself showed up to watch the sparks fly.

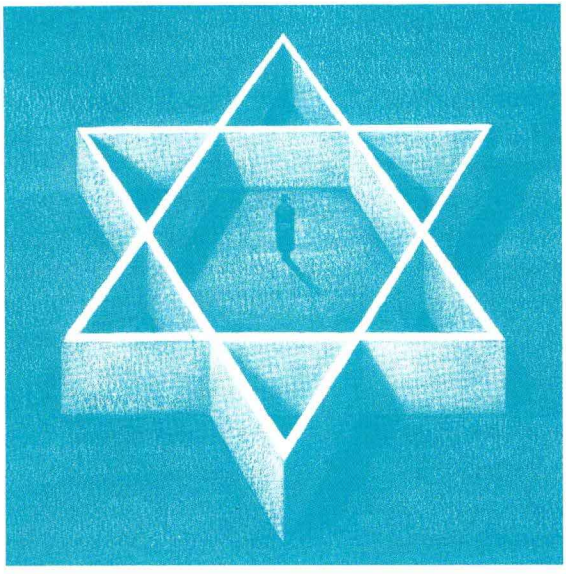
This same intensity prevails across the entire South. The late Paul "Bear" Bryant, legendary coach of the Alabama Crimson Tide, went so far as to say if you live in Alabama and don't like football, you might as well leave the state. One can attend any Alabama -Auburn game to see how much The Bear was guilty of understatement.

With such high enthusiasm for the game in Dixie, folks can look forward to exciting Southern college football each and every year.

So stock up on the drinks and snacks, and tell your wife you have sole control over the television for the next four months. It's time to sit back and enjoy another season of hard-hittin', helmet-poppin' college football, a veritable War Between the States in which the South has emerged a champion. ✪

"To Bigotry No Sanction":

The South and its Jews



by Charles Goolsby

"The Jew is without doubt the most remarkable man of this world —past or present. His history is the history of our civilization and progress in this world, and our faith and hope in that which is to come. Their ideas fill the world and move the wheels of its progress."

from *"The Scattered Nation,"* a speech by Zebulon B. Vance, Confederate Governor of North Carolina, U.S. Senator, 1879-1894.

In his colorful autobiography, one of the South's most distinguished Jewish sons, Bernard Baruch, recalled the emotion that gripped him, at the age of six, when he and his brother opened a mysterious trunk hidden in the attic of the Baruch home in Camden, South Carolina. An eager search yielded his father's well-worn Confederate army uniform.
Beneath the uniform was a more thrilling discovery, "a white hood and a long robe with the crimson cross on its breast — the regalia of a Knight of the Ku Klux Klan."

Anticipating the shock of many modern day readers, Baruch noted: *"Today, of course the KKK is an odious symbol of bigotry and hate, reflecting its activities during the 1920s, when it acquired considerable power, particularly outside the South. I have good reason to know the character of the modern Klan since I was a target for its hatred. But to children in the Reconstruction South, the original Klan, led by General Nathan Bedford Forrest, seemed a heroic band fighting to free the South from the debaucheries of carpetbag rule. To my brother and me the thought that Father was a member of that band exalted him in our youthful eyes."*

The crucible of war and occupation forged a bond among white Southerners stronger than any confessional or ethnic divergence. (Blacks have a unique and very different perception of those events, though most recognize that it was, for them, a tragedy as well as a triumph.)

Bernard Baruch's recollections of that turbulent era are within the tradition he inherited from Simon Baruch — Surgeon, Third Battalion, South Carolina Infantry. The elder Baruch saw action in the bloodiest battles of the war and wrote a treatise on bayonet wounds that was still being used by army surgeons as late as World War I. Bernard's uncle Herman Baruch had been a Confederate cavalryman. His great-uncle Fischel Cohen was General Beauregard's telegrapher. Like their gentile countrymen, Bernard Baruch's kinsmen had gone to war to preserve a culture and heritage — a heritage in which Jews had played a notable part.

The first documented settlement of Jews in North America was at the Dutch colony of New Amsterdam in 1654. But many scholars believe that Elias Legardo, who settled in Virginia in 1621, was America's first Jewish immigrant. Sephardic Jews from Spanish territory were in South Carolina as early as 1694. Five years later, John Locke drew up South Carolina's "Fundamental Constitution" providing full and equal civil rights for "heathens,

Jews, and other dissenters." Charleston's *Kahal Kadosh Beth Elohim* synagogue, founded in 1749, is the fourth oldest congregation in the United States and its Hebrew Benevolent Society (founded in 1784) was the first of its kind on American shores.

General James Oglethorpe included Jews among the first settlers of Georgia in 1732 (Catholics however were denied entry). A Jewish congregation was established in Richmond by 1790. In 1789, a Jewish Indian trader named Abraham Mordecai established a camp on the site of what is today Montgomery, Alabama. He later built the state's first cotton gin. French authorities had barred Jewish immigration to Louisiana. But soon after Jefferson's purchase they founded a flourishing community. Jews were established in Kentucky by 1808, in Missouri by 1816, and in Arkansas by 1838.

Samuel Isaacs is listed among "the old 300" settlers that accompanied Stephen F. Austin to Texas in 1821. Isaacs held a land grant from the Spanish government. In 1836, he fought for Texas' independence along with Houston's Surgeon General, Moses Levy; cavalryman Albert Emmanuel; wounded hero David S. Kaufman (for whom Kaufman County is named); Herman Ehrenberg; and other Texas Jews. One of these, Edward Johnson, was killed with Colonel Fannin in the Goliad massacre. Another, named Wolff, died at the Alamo. Captain Levi Charles Harby resigned from the United States Navy in 1836 to aid the struggling Texas Republic. In 1863, as a Confederate naval officer, he distinguished himself in the defense of Galveston. He later commanded a fleet of gunboats on the Sabine River.

During the War Between the States, twelve hundred Jews served in Confederate forces. The best known of these, Judah P. Benjamin, held, at various times, the highest posts in the government — Attorney General, Secretary of War, and Secretary of State. Though villified in the press, he was President Davis' most trusted advisor, aptly called "the brains of the Confederacy." As United States Senator from Louisiana, Benjamin had eloquently defended the South's position on slavery and the Constitution. He had turned down President Pierce's offer of a place on the Supreme Court to champion the South in the Senate. Unlike his co-religionist Senator David Yulee of Florida (the first Jew elected to the U.S. Senate), Benjamin was not a fire-eating secessionist. He pleaded for compromise, but, finding none, followed his native state into the Confederacy.

Southern Jews furnished the Confederacy with 23 staff officers, in addition to Surgeon General David De Leon (General De Leon went to Mexico at the war's end rather than surrender); A. C. Meyers, Quartermaster General; and Assistant Adjutant General J. Randolph Mordecai. On the battlefields from Gettysburg to Galveston, Jewish Confederates won high honors. Isaac Heymans was wounded seven times in the course of the war. Captain Jacob Valentine fell in the gallant defense of Ft. Moultrie, South Carolina. Lt. Albert Luria of North Carolina seized the colors from a fallen comrade at the battle of Seven Pines and was killed while rallying his company to the attack.

The experience of those four terrible years and the long night that followed unites Southern Jews and gentiles to this very day. One of the South's most articulate literary critics, Louis Rubin, once observed that in things Southern, "One is not dealing with an idea, or a body of knowledge, but an experience; the South *is*. And *was*." The brooding consciousness of that experience profoundly strikes foreign visitors of the region. V.S. Naipal, in his *A Turn in the South,* wondered that ordinary people in South Carolina still speak of General Sherman's savaging march "as if it were yesterday."

A sense of history comes naturally to the Jewish people. Jews raised in the traditions of their fathers share the tragic sense of man and his fate that their white Southern neighbors began to learn at Appomattox. (Black Southerners, of course, know the tragedy of the human condition better than any of us.) The gall of defeat and humiliation is a familiar cup to Jews. In this "enlightened" century, they have drunk it to the dregs. This potent brew tends to protect those who have tasted it from the hallucinatory effects of modern ideologies. Jews who know their history remember that "crusades" undertaken in the name of God (or abstract concepts of "democracy" and "liberty") usually mean terror and suffering for ordinary people. Southerners, recalling how General Sherman wielded the Almighty's "terrible swift sword" and remembering the carpetbag version of "global democracy," still retreat into what Naipal calls "a religion of the past."

More fundamental than a sense of history is the faith that marks the Southern people — Jew or Christian. Because they take their faith as seriously as life itself, neither Southern Jews nor Christians minimize the importance of confessional differences. But in contrast with the modern world that surrounds and menaces them, the people of the South, of all races and most religious faiths, reject a "God without thunder," and cling to the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and Jacob.

More than any other Americans it was Southerners who articulated and established man's fundamental right to worship freely. In the South, it was the fundamentalists, especially the Baptists, who successfully disestablished the state

churches.

The institution of Freemasonry — emphasizing the "the Fatherhood of God" and the "brotherhood" (though not equality) of all men — played an important role in this process. Thus, when President Washington insisted that the Treaty of Tripoli include a statement that "the government of the United States of America is in no sense founded on the Christian religion...," he spoke of the language of Masonic Deism, not the militant atheism of the French Jacobins. During his celebrated visit to the Jewish synagogue at Newport, Rhode Island, in 1790, President Washington was escorted by his fellow Freemason Moses Michael Hays, Master of Newport's King David's Lodge. In a now famous letter to the congregation, Washington noted that the United States "gives to bigotry no sanction, to persecution no assistance."

It was to Washington's Masonic conception of religious tolerance that Jacob Ezekiel, father of the sculptor Sir Moses Ezekiel (Confederate veteran reknowned for the Confederate soldier's monument at Arlington National Cemetery), appealed in a letter to President Tyler written in 1841. Ezekiel took issue with the President's reference to Americans as "a Christian people," and received a cordial reply thanking him for the correction.

Though Washington's example was followed by the great majority of Southerners, the South has not been without religious prejudice and incidents of persecution. The worst excesses followed the destruction of the old order and the rise of the populist demagogues. The sad history of that era is a useful warning to those who believe that majoritarian democracy and "human rights" go hand-in-hand. This period gave rise to an unworthy and hateful successor to the old Ku Klux Klan. Its antisemitic nadir was the shocking lynch-murder of Leo Frank, a Southern Jew falsely accused and unjustly convicted of rape in 1913.

Antisemitism is not unknown in the South, but it has been much more at home in the North. Bernard Baruch recalled that "in South Carolina we never had suffered discrimination because we were Jews." But on his first day in New York City, local toughs greeted him with shouts of "kike." He noted that while he was repeatedly blackballed from New York City College fraternities, his brother was quickly and easily pledged by the best fraternity at the University of Virginia.

Antisemitism was an active element in the "Know Nothing" and Anti-Masonic movements that would later fuse into the Grand Old Party of Abraham Lincoln. In 1849, an antisemitic mob attacked a group of Jewish mourners near Long Island and prevented the congregation from conducting a funeral service. A year later, a pogrom was reported in New York City on the Jewish Day of Atonement. Local bigots, convinced that a Jewish congregation had engaged in human sacrifice, ransacked Jewish homes.

The most notorious antisemitic episode of the period was the work of "Unconditional Surrender" Grant. On December 17, 1862, Grant issued "General Order No. 11" expelling "the Jews as a class . . .within twenty-four hours" from his theater of operations. Assistant Secretary of War Wolcott heartily approved such action against "Jews and other unprincipled traders." Without judicial warrant, trial, or any process of law, Southern Jews were driven from their homes. Those who refused or attempted to return were subject to immediate arrest and imprisonment.

Like most of his fellow Southerners, Baruch finds racial and religious hatred rooted in sinful human nature — a nature that only God's mercy can change and perfect. *"It would be wonderful,"* wrote Baruch, *"if laws could be passed which would wipe out bigotry and prejudice. But human nature is not changed so easily. The key to progress in racial and religious understanding lies in the recognition that the individual gains for his or her own attainments."*

Southerners continue to demonstrate their trust in their Jewish neighbors by elevating them to leadership positions in the professions, in business, and in government. Most South Carolinians remember the late Solomon Blatt, Speaker of the House of South Carolina (longer than any other state speaker in U.S. history), as the most powerful man in the state. For more than four decades he represented the overwhelmingly gentile Barnwell County, while his co-religionist Herman Mauzursky served as mayor of Barnwell. At the other end of the Confederacy, Dallasites have given three terms on the city council to colorful local businessman Max Goldblatt, while Annette Strauss and Martin Frost continue to serve, respectively, as mayor of Dallas and U.S. Congressman of Texas' 24th District.

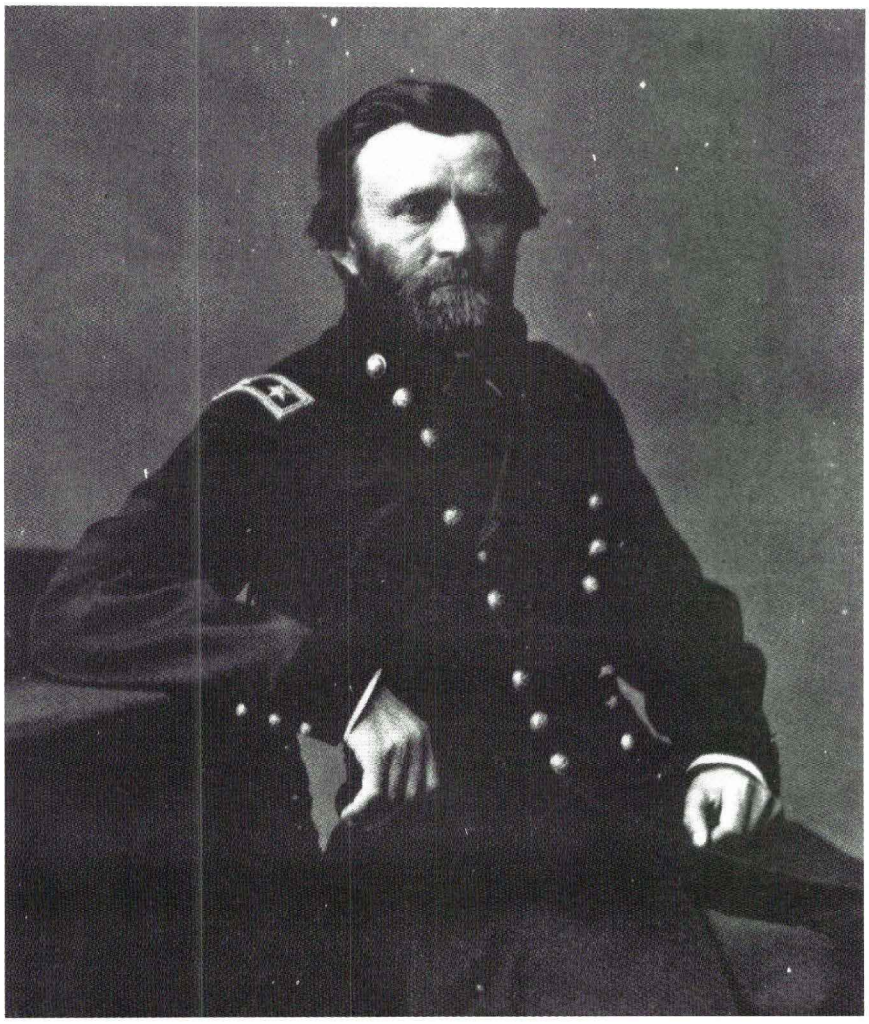
For more than three hundred years, Jewish men and women have enriched the life of the South and America with their attainments in every field of human endeavor. Their recognition outside the South is long overdue. A wise and benevolent Providence has placed them in our midst, to remind us that His Word is true and His promise is certain forevermore.

Charles Goolsby is an editorial writer with the Voice of America in Washington D. C. and producer/ host of "The Bookman's Corner" on Channel 33 in Arlington, Virginia. ✪

The Contradictory Man:

Events in the Career of U. S. Grant

By James W. Thompson



Almost everything in the life of U. S. Grant is a contradiction. A dismal failure in civilian life, he went far indeed in the military. But even in his military service contradictions abounded. His early successes at Forts Henry and Donelson were quickly followed by carelessness, unpreparedness, and sheer negligence at Shiloh.

After repeated rebuffs in his efforts to take Vicksburg, he finally embarked upon the campaign which is the sole basis for his recognition as a great commander—the Vicksburg Campaign. Strategically it was a masterpiece. But his May 22nd assaults at Vicksburg represented obvious tactical deficiencies and cost large numbers of men.

He sent thousands of men to their deaths in those bloody frontal assaults without any qualms, but blasted the soldier who mistreated a mule in his presence. It was to his credit that he would not countenance the mistreatment of animals, but hard to reconcile with the May 22nd assault and leaving the wounded lying helpless for days in the hot sun crying for help and water. They died, one by one, with dead bodies putrifying around them, and Grant never stopped his men from firing on Confederates who tried to relieve their suffering. Too proud to ask for a truce to gather the dead and wounded, he finally did so only after Confederate General Pemberton virtually forced such action on him. By then all but two or three had died, and they died soon after.

The same situation occurred again in Virginia at Cold Harbor, and it was Robert E. Lee who finally forced him to ask for a truce to recover his dead and wounded after nearly all were dead. Apparently Grant felt that it would somehow detract from his stature to ask for a truce for such a purpose, thereby causing his men to die needlessly.

After his arrival in Virginia, Grant exhibited no great sense of strategy in defeating Lee. As in the West, he simply used his overwhelming numbers to swamp and envelop a greatly de pleted and often ill-fed army which had no means of replacing its battle losses. Even in such a situation it took Grant many months to obtain the surrender of a mere shadow of the Army of Northern Virginia, while in the process acquiring the sobriquet

"Butcher" Grant for the huge losses his army sustained. But at Appomattox Grant was generous toward Lee and the Confederates — much more so than toward his own wounded men at Vicksburg and Cold Harbor.

The Grant administration was one of the most corrupt in the country's history. Though he was personally honest, his judgment of men was extremely poor. At the end of his life Grant won the hearts of the American people and the genuine sympathy of his Confederate opponents by the bravery he exhibited, completing his memoirs while suffering terrible pain from cancer of the throat. He was determined to complete the memoirs to provide financially for his wife. He managed to finish the work shortly before dying, and he clearly showed that he was a brave man. No one would think of saying otherwise.

But there is one aspect of General Grant's life and career during the war which is not generally known, except among the experts and historians. It is found in Series I, Vol. 17, Part II of the 128-volume *The War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies,* published by the U. S. Government.

Grant's *General Orders No. 64* issued July 25, 1862 at Corinth, Mississippi is found on page 123:

The attention of the major-general commanding having been called to the fact of persons in this district sympathizing with the rebellion, who have cotton for sale, refusing to receive the United States Treasury notes in payment therefor, or anything other than gold and silver which is paid them by speculators whose love of gain is greater than their love of country, and the gold and silver thus paid indirectly affording aid and comfort to the enemy, renders necessary the publication of the following orders:

1st, From and after the 1st of August, 1862, gold and silver will not be paid within this district by speculators for the products of the rebel States. United States Treasury notes are a legal tender in all cases, and when refused the parties refusing them will be arrested, and such of their crops as are not actually required for the subsistence of their families, stock, &c., may be seized and sold by the nearest quartermaster for the benefit of whom it may concern.

...he had already arrived at the convicton that one "class of people" was responsible for many of these violations - Jewish traders ...

2d. Money so received will be accounted for by the officer receiving it on his next account current, and used for the benefit of Government, only to be paid to the owners of the crops sold on orders from authority above that of district commanders.

3d. Any speculator paying out gold or silver in violation of this order will be arrested and sent North, and the property so purchased seized and turned over to the proper department for the benefit of the Government.

4th. A strict enforcement of this order is enjoined upon all officers in this district.

By command of Maj. Gen. U.S. Grant

It seems clear that General Grant had been smouldering over violations of Treasury Department regulations designed to prevent the delivery of gold into Confederate hands in exchange for cotton. But his later actions make clear that he had already arrived at the conviction that one "class of people" was responsible for many of these violations —Jewish traders and speculators. No doubt some were Jews and some were not. Nevertheless, Grant reached an early and firm conclusion, and he acted on it. The first clear evidence of Grant's anti-Jewish prejudice appears in his telegram of November 9, 1862 from LaGrange, Tenn. to Major-General Hurlbut at Jackson, Tennessee:

"Refuse all permits to come south of Jackson for the present. The Israelites especially should be kept out... ."

The very next day, November 10, he wired General Webster at Jackson, Tennessee the following orders:

"Give orders to all the conductors on the road that no Jews are to be permitted to travel on the railroad south-ward from any point. They may go North and be encouraged in it; but they are such an intolerable nuisance that the department must be purged of them."

In this short message Grant revealed the extent of his anti-Semitism. Forbidding all travel southward by Jews from any point, he characterized all Jews as "such an intolerable nuisance" that his department "must be purged of them."

On Dec. 17, 1862 Grant wrote a letter from his headquarters at Oxford, Mississippi to Assistant Secretary of War C. P. Walcott in Washington concerning Treasury Department violations:

"...the specie regulations of the Treasury Department have been violated, and that mostly by Jews and other unprincipled traders. (emphasis supplied) *So well satisfied have I been of this*

that I instructed the commanding officer at Columbus to refuse all permits to Jews to come South, and I have frequently had them expelled from the department, (emphasis supplied) *but they come in with their carpet sacks in spite of all that can be done to prevent it. The Jews seem to be a privileged class that can travel everywhere. They will land at any wood-yard on the river and make their way through the country. If not permitted to buy cotton themselves they will act as agents for some one else, who will be at a military post with a Treasury permit to receive cotton and pay for it in Treasury notes which the Jew will buy up at an agreed rate, paying gold."*

"There is but one way that I know of to reach this case; that is, for the Government to buy all the cotton at a fixed rate and send it to Cairo, Saint Louis, or some other point to be sold. Then all traders (they are a curse to the army) might be expelled."

On the same date Grant had John Rawlins, his Assistant Adjutant-General, issue General Orders No. 11 from Holly Springs, Mississippi:

The Jews, as a class violating every regulation of trade established by the Treasury Department and also department orders, are hereby expelled from the department within twenty-four hours from the receipt of this order.

Post commanders will see that all of this class of people be furnished passes and required to leave, and any one returning after such notification will be arrested and held in confinement until an opportunity occurs of sending them out as prisoners, unless furnished with permit from headquarters.

No passes will be given these people to visit headquarters for the purpose of making personal application for trade permits.

It will be noted that Grant did not expel all traders and speculators — only Jews, and that "all of this class of people" would be "required to leave." The depth of his bias against Jews was reflected by such phrases as "this class" and "these people."

Predictably, these orders provoked a strong reaction from the Jewish community when word reached it. Some prominent Jews of Paducah, Kentucky addressed a letter to President Lincoln on Dec. 29, 1862. It was signed by D. Wolff & Bros., C. F. Kaskell, and J. W. Kaswell, and protested General Orders No. 11, saying it "commands all post commanders to expel all Jews, without distinction, within twenty-four hours from his entire department." The letter called it "the grossest violation of the Constitution" and "an enormous outrage on all law and humanity."

Apparently as a result of presidential intervention, the Army General-in-Chief, Henry W. Halleck, on January 4, 1863 wired General Grant:
"A paper purporting to be General Orders No. 11, issued by you December 17, has been presented here. By its terms it expels all Jews from your department. If such an order has been issued, it will be immediately revoked."

Three days later, on January 7, Asst. Adjutant-General John Rawlins issued a circular revoking it. The complete text of the circular was as follows: *"By direction of General-in-Chief of the Army, at Washington, the general order from these headquarters expelling Jews from the department is hereby revoked."*

The tone of the circular was surly; it did not even mention General Orders No. 11 by name or number, but referred only in a general way to its content. It also made clear that the revocation did not originate with Grant, but gratuitously added that it originated in faraway Washington.

This anti-Semitic episode is just one in a series of contradictions in the career of U. S. Grant—not only was "Unconditional Surrender" Grant a butcher, not only was an honest man the leader of a notoriously corrupt administration, but the humane conqueror of Appomattox was an anti-Semite.

James West Thompson of Jackson, Mississippi is a former Historian - in - Chief of the sons of the Confederate Veterans. ✪

Partisan conversation with Brigid Kerrigan

Last year, while a senior at Harvard University, Brigid Kerrigan shook the Cambridge, Massachusetts campus by committing the ultimate politically incorrect crime: unfurling a Confederate Battle Flag from her dorm room window. But it was not only her act of defiance that stirred the liberals by the Bay. Brigid Kerrigan proved to be an erudite defender of her Southern heritage, calling her opponents "Brahmin Yankee Monoculturalists," and saying "If they talk about diversity, then they are going to get it, if they talk about tolerance, then they better be ready to have it." Charles Goolsby visited with Brigid this summer in her Great Falls, Virginia home.

Southern Partisan: By way of background, Brigid, how long have you lived in the South?

Kerrigan: Almost my entire life. I was born in Cook County, Illinois, but we moved to Virginia when I was just a few months old. I didn't have the good fortune to be born in the South, but fortunately we had the good sense to live here.

Southern Partisan: Did you grow up with an understanding of Southern history and culture?

Kerrigan: I was rooted in it. My father taught history and, later on, ran a trade association for the chewing tobacco industry. We had busts of Robert E. Lee and Thomas Jefferson in our home. I learned to value the South's distinctive personality.

Southern Partisan: You were educated in Virginia?

Kerrigan: Virginia public schools through my first two years at UVA.

Southern Partisan: Then you transferred to Harvard?

Kerrigan: Yes, I had written an honors thesis on the Antifederalists.

Southern Partisan: What was your view of them?

Kerrigan: Well, the thesis was entitled "Uncommon Sense," and, as you can imagine, it was a defense of Antifederalist political theory. I think it's clear that many of their prophecies came true.

Southern Partisan: Did you notice much difference between UVA and Harvard?

Kerrigan: Quite a difference! At UVA we had an honors code. You could leave the class during an exam if you needed to. There were no monitors or security regulations. At my first exam at Harvard, I was told to leave my books and papers outside the classroom. The school provided the paper for the exam. We were spaced evenly throughout the room with a chair separating each student. Monitors had to accompany us if we went to the restrooms. You went from honor to suspicion.

Southern Partisan: Why did you decide to hang a rebel flag in the window of your room?

Kerrigan: Just to remind me of home. That's all. It was George Washington's birthday (1991) and I wanted to remind myself of my Virginia heritage.

Southern Partisan: What happened next?

Kerrigan: I continued to display the flag. Then the student newspaper got into the act. Every morning for the next several weeks I was personally insulted, threatened, and ridiculed by these so-called "journalists." They even carried a cartoon of me being lynched by the student body while a crowd of spectators applauds and celebrates. Some joke, huh?

Southern Partisan: Did any of the reporters or editors talk to you before publication?

Kerrigan: Yes, in a manner of speaking. A reporter for the [Harvard] Crimson — his name was Ira Stoll — called me to tell me he had been checking on my "record" and wanted me to confirm that I had been involved in a traffic accident when I was 17.

Southern Partisan: What did that have to do with anything?

Kerrigan: That's what I wanted to know. He said that since I was making an issue of my "ethnic background" [by displaying the flag] I could expect to have my "personal" background exposed unless I removed the flag.

Southern Partisan: What do you think he meant?

Kerrigan: It was obviously a blackmail threat.

Southern Partisan: What happened next?

Kerrigan: The Crimson ran a full page article entitled "Who Is Brigid Kerrigan?" The kind of thing you find in the check-out line of the supermarket, only poorly written. Even the Washington Post, no friend of the flag, made fun of it.

Southern Partisan: Did you protest the paper's editorial tactics?

Kerrigan: Yes. I hand-delivered to the president of the Crimson, the reporters,

and editors, copies of a letter that was written to me by a person mis-quoted as attacking me in one of the Crimson articles. The person they misquoted emphatically denied saying anything of the kind. I demanded that they print either a retraction or the letter itself.

Southern Partisan: How did the editors respond?

Kerrigan: They ignored me and the person they misquoted.

Southern Partisan: How did this kind of "reporting" affect you personally?

Kerrigan: I was harassed constantly. Teachers made fun of me to my classmates. Many of my friends told me they couldn't be seen in public with me. The administrators of my residence hall released an open letter to the other residents condemning my display of the flag and sympathizing with all who opposed me. They declared that I was "not a member of the Kirkland [residence hall] community."
Black students chanted "we shall overcome" outside my window — a ridiculous trivialization, in my opinion, of what Dr. King and the civil rights leaders were trying to do when they chanted that song in earlier decades. The president of Harvard University, President Bok, congratulated himself in an open letter for having upheld freedom of speech by tolerating someone like me at Harvard. I was "insensitive and unwise."

Southern Partisan: Did he know you personally?

Kerrigan: We never met or spoke.

Southern Partisan: Aside from declaring you an enemy of mankind, did the administration or anyone else invite you to seriously discuss the merits of the flag?

Kerrigan: There was the junior/parents weekend forum and a Kennedy School debate at which I represented myself and addressed some of the absurd charges that were being made. By that time, another student had hung out a home-made Nazi flag in order to link, she said, the Confederate flag with Nazi genocide and racism. She later removed it because it upset the Jewish students.

Southern Partisan: What was the rationale for linking the Confederate flag to the Swastika?

Kerrigan: None was really given but it gave me an opportunity to point out that Memorial Church in Harvard Yard has a memorial plaque with the names of all Harvard men who died in wars — including those German students who died fighting for the Central powers in World War One and the Axis powers in World War Two. The only Harvard war alumni that are deliberately not represented among the honored dead are the Harvard men who fought for the Confederate States of America. So Harvard not only dishonors Confederate veterans, it — not I — honors the Nazi dead. As for anti-Semitism, I also pointed out that the man for whom "Lowell House" [one of the campus residence halls] is named — A. Lawrence Lowell — was a fanatical anti-Semite who considered it a major goal of his administration as president of Harvard to bar the admission of as many Jews as possible. If Harvard was really as sensitive to racism as it claims to be, they would dismantle Lowell House brick by brick.

Southern Partisan: How did the students respond to this information?

Kerrigan: They didn't want to discuss it. No one wanted to address real issues. Every time I went to address factual gaps and historical misunderstandings, I found it was only a show— an opportunity given to student activist groups to take me to the woodshed and tell me how to think. My critics were invariably people who never tried to talk to me, didn't know me, didn't know what they were talking about, and probably couldn't find Vicks-burg on a map.

Southern Partisan: Did you get any support from the students or the public?

Kerrigan: One other Harvard student, Tim McCormick, also displayed a rebel flag in a show of solidarity. A lot a students told me they sympathized but they were pretty well intimidated. I got some support from the ACLU for my right to display the flag. The public response was wonderful. I got about one hundred letters. Not just from the South, but from all over America. None was hostile and the overwhelming majority were sympathetic and

encouraging. I particularly liked one from ten-year-old Bonnie Carter of Norfolk, Virginia. She was proud of "her" flag because it stood for "heritage not hate." People like her made it all worthwhile.

Southern Partisan: How was the matter resolved?

Kerrigan: It wasn't resolved. I never took the flag down. Only after they handed me my diploma and I had packed my bags did the flag come down.

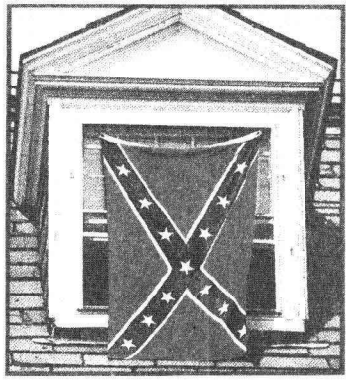
Southern Partisan: What conclusion do you draw from your experience at Harvard?

Kerrigan: Harvard needs to lighten up. They should take their bourgeois guilt and their racial complexes to their analysts. The real bigots are the intellectuals — the overeducated, Ivy-league left who tolerate only the ideas that serve their agenda. That's not learning, that's indoctrination.

Southern Partisan: What's next for you, Brigid?

Kerrigan: The University of Virginia law school this fall. It's sure good to be home!

Southern Partisan: It's sure good to have you home. Please accept our profound thanks and our very best wishes.



Dear Miss Kerrigan,

I consider it my misfortune that we have not met. When I read your story in the liberal-extremist Boston Globe, it was like finding a rose among the thorns, and I felt compelled to send this letter of encouragement.

As a descendant of the first governor of this state and half the passengers of the Mayflower, I suppose that I am as much a son of Massachusetts as anyone alive, but I can assure you that General Beauregard's flag has deep significance for me as well. In ways that we have been slow to acknowledge, the North lost as much as it won in the Civil War, and we are still paying the price. The runaway growth of the federal government, the crass materialism, the mass-market homogeneity, the grimy urbanism, the erosion of cultured civility, the fast-track pace, the exaltation of selfish individualism, the abuse of the environment, and the promiscuous granting of rights to those who have not earned them through responsible conduct are all the legacy of the war, and the country is the worse because of it. We certainly don't need more affirmative action--we need "re-affirmative action." We must re-affirm the values that you mentioned, "tenacity, truth, integrity, character," and we must end the smug tyranny of the liberal media, schools, government, courts and legislature. Massachusetts has always tended towards extremism. The early settlers (many of whom were my ancestors) were mostly radical Puritans not noted for laxity in matters of conscience or morality--judging from the grim, hatchet-faced figures glowering down from our family portraits, they were hardly "a laugh a minute"!

Having lost our national equilibrium as a result of the Civil War, we have now swung completely to the opposite extreme--sloppy liberalism, permissive morality and excessive toleration of anti-social behavior. What has not changed is the tyrannical suppression of contrary opinion.

You are not alone in finding this situation deplorable. I support your stand, and I admire your courage, resolution, and grace under fire. I have always found that character and integrity flower best in adversity and those people whose destiny is the greatest are those who are tested most severely along the way.

The best of luck to you.

Sincerely,

Thomas H. Endicott
Manchester, Massachusetts

SHORT STORIES
& TALL TALES

Last Laugh

By Robert McHugh

The sun is rising over the Mississippi Gulf Coast with arson in its heart. In the main bedroom of a small yellow house, retired Prof. Adam J. Broussard is greeting the new day. He stretches his limbs cautiously against swollen arthritic joints. He yawns.

On the wall at the foot of the bed is a framed psalm (18.24) in large Old English letters which are green against a white background: "This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it."

Slowly he pulls himself into a seated position on the edge of the bed, scratching his chest as he stares at the psalm. "Rejoice, hell," he says.

Adam Broussard had the gift of laughter, loud laughter that could be heard yards away. As a professor of English, he encouraged his students to read American humorists. Benchley, Perelman and Thurber were his favorites. He had a good sense of humor, everyone said, but at 85 and in poor health he sometimes looked in vain for something to laugh about.

On this summer morning

needs a laugh, so he scans his long-term memory. He goes back to a day 65 years ago when he and his 18-year-old bride-to-be were being counseled by The Rev. Father Francis Xavier O'Brien, who was to marry them. Father O'Brien was the most conservative of priests in a church that in those days was considered arch-conservative.

The priest was at his desk with a crucifix on his left on the wall behind him and a print of Madonna and Child on the right. He wore the traditional white Roman collar and black cassock.

His words came back from across the years. "My dear children, as I am sure you must know, celibacy is the state in life most pleasing to God. St. Paul himself tells us this. In a letter to the Corinthians he wishes that all men were like himself, that is, living in the celibate state.

"In his wisdom, however, he recognized that those who are unable to contain themselves must marry to save their souls. The good saint wrote in that letter that it is better to marry than to burn. Now that is not to say that God forbids you to have knowledge of one another. But his church teaches that the only sanctioned purpose of cohabitation is to bring children into the world. You must remember this. Nor may you use contraceptive measures and be beloved of God, who wishes you to remain pure."

The old man on the edge of the bed is now smiling. He recalls that as the priest's voice droned on, a pair of flies were coupling on the edge of his collar. Adam chuckles. You wouldn't get a lecture like that today, he thinks.

The smile and the chuckle are fine, but he still has not had a hearty laugh, the kind he has been famous for within the family and among his many friends. So he sighs and slips off the bed carefully and puts on a dark brown slipper, the right one. He lost the left one months ago. He goes to the refrigerator on which is posted a message: "Doctor at 2 p.m. Thursday."

He opens the door and removes a red plastic container filled with orange juice. He pours some into a glass without bothering to shake the container. On a sewing machine cabinet turned into a table and placed next to the refrigerator is a bottle of pills. The label identifies them as Tenormin, 50 mg. Taken twice daily, they are supposed to control his blood pressure and ward off further attacks of auricular fibrillation.

He reaches for the bottle. As he seizes it, the room sways and seems suddenly bathed in a blinding explosion of light. The container falls from his hand, sending the small pills rolling across the kitchen floor. He feels levitated. A part of him watches as another part of him rises to the ceiling where his head strikes with a short burst of excruciating pain.

As the pain subsides, he is infused with an ineffable sense of joy that washes over him like healing waters. He feels that he is entering a tunnel of the purest white, floating toward an undulating amorphous figure that beckons him on. Then a curtain falls into place, and he sinks into a deep sleep.

The body of Adam Broussard is found that afternoon clad in blue cotton pajamas, sprawled on the kitchen floor, the right hand outstretched toward an empty pill bottle.

The body was found by Henry J. Broussard, who had come to his father's home to present him with three fillets of speckled trout, part of a catch taken from Mississippi Sound that very morning.

Like most men his age, Adam had prepared for death. Final arrangements were made easy for his son and daughter. The will was simple—split the estate evenly between the two. Henry was named executor and the will contained a provision excusing him from supplying the court with an inventory. Cremation was specified with a ban on obsequies of any kind, including even a memorial service.

There was one curious request in the will. The two beneficiaries met at the old man's house on the Sunday morning after his death to comply with the request.

"Where do you think it ought to be done?" Henry asks his sister.

"How about out in the back between the bird feeder and the rose trellis," she replies.

The request was written in the will as follows: "In the closet in my bedroom on the top shelf is a white box from Gayfers Department Store. It is securely tied with brown twine. No one need know what is in the box, but it is important to me that box and contents be burned without the box being opened as soon after my death as is practical. I want the box burned by my son and daughter in their presence with no others in attendance. It is my wish that they set it on fire and remain at the site of the fire until box

and contents have been reduced to ashes. This is to me a matter of importance."

In the backyard on that summer morning, Professor Broussard's beloved blood kin stand staring solemnly at the white box which has been placed upon a pyre of four short sticks of lightwood and several crumpled sections of the *Sun-Herald* newspaper.

"I am so tempted to look into that box before we do this," sighs the daughter.

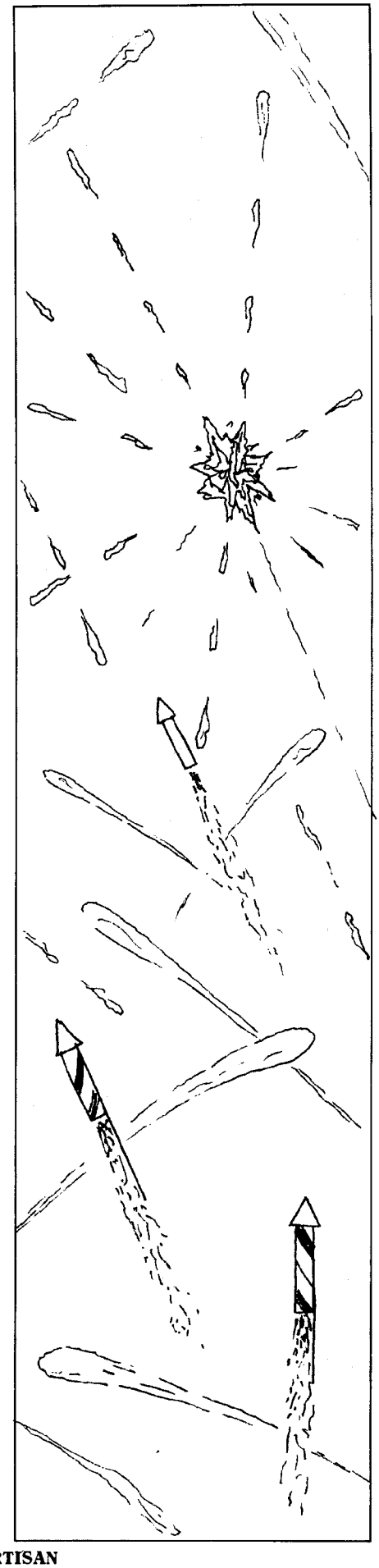
"If we did, Daddy would come back and haunt us until we were in the grave," says the son. "There is probably nothing in that box but love letters from some of the ladies he was seeing after momma died. Let's get this over with."

Henry strikes a match and touches it to the newsprint. Blue-tipped flames curl around the lightwood which crackles and begins to burn, yielding a faint scent of resin. Son and daughter stand quietly a dozen feet from the burning box in solemn poses, heads bowed.

Both step backward in sudden alarm as a series of rapid-fire explosions rip from the burning box. They turn and flee as a rocket zooms from the pyre in erratic flight, exploding just before it lands on the roof of the house.

The startled pair run to the rose trellis for protection as more ladyfinger firecrackers rattle off explosions and roman candles shoot balls of fire into the air, with some just a few feet aboveground. Behind the rose trellis an open-mouthed Betty Broussard hides behind her brother with both arms wrapped tightly around his middle.

Ashes and unburned portions of the box are scattered



about the backyard. An occasional firecracker pops as smoke curls from the ashes of the fire, signaling an end to the display. Brother and sister carefully approach the charred remains of the box.

She smiles, a faint and nervous smile at first that grows wider until it becomes a full grin. He grins back and they both burst into uncontrollable laughter.

He grabs her by the arm. "Hold it," he says. "Listen, do you hear something?"

She listens intently. "Nothing but the wind filtering through that cluster of pines down by the fence. A sweet summer sound. Nothing else."

"Are you certain?"

"Wait a minute. No, I'm not. I could be hearing something else," she replies with a smile.

He smiles also. "What you are really hearing is that wonderful sound you and I have heard many times before. It's coming to us on that easterly breeze and it's coming from a far distant place."

She sighs. "Yes, I guess you're right."

They link arms and walk slowly toward the parked car in unbroken silence. ✪

Robert McHugh is a long time advisor and contributor to the Southern Partisan who lives in Gulfport, Mississippi.

LIVING SOUTHERN

Brrrrrrrr — It's Hog Killin' Time

by W. Earl Douglas

WHEN I WAS a youngster, it was about this time of year that we butchered hogs. Right after the weather turned cold it was "hog killin' time," and there were a lot of little signs that went along with the approach of the event. The hogs that were destined to be turned into pork chops, ham, bacon, lard, chitterlings (chitlins) and hoghead cheese were off the ground in pens with wooden floors. They were literally being fattened up for the kill, and their daily ration of food contained a plentiful supply of corn. I knew, because I was the one that was responsible for the "slopping" (feeding).

The reason we looked forward to hog killin' time was because we stayed hungry most of the time, and when that hog was butchered we had meat to eat. The most choice cut of meat from a hog is the tenderloin, and that was the day my momma would cook all the tenderloin we could eat. Fresh pork tenderloin, the way my momma used to prepare it, is something that makes my mouth water just thinking about it.

Another sure way of telling when it was getting close to that time, and an even better indicator than the weather, was my daddy's left arm. He had very hairy arms, and when that little bald spot appeared on his left arm, just above the wrist, I knew that within a day or two we were going to eat some tenderloin. It was several years before I discovered how that bald spot came about, and it was quite by chance. Daddy kept all of his butchering knives in a little canvas satchel, along with some flat stones, and he used to go to the "out-house" carrying that little satchel.

We had a two-seater at the time and my curiosity got the best of me. I opened the door like I was going to use the other seat. Daddy was sitting between the seats sharpening his knives, and he was testing them on his arm, shaving the spot above the wrist.

ON BUTCHERING DAY we all got up early, ate a mess of pancakes in the kitchen, and set about the many chores called for. It was so cold that you had to keep moving to keep from freezing. My brother and I were assigned the task of filling the water trough where we dipped the hog for scraping, and building the fire under it to heat the water. Next to the trough Daddy had built a wooden platform, and it was on this platform that we scraped the hair off the hogs.

Meanwhile, Daddy would be hooking up his block and tackle. and checking on everything else, while Momma was bringing out all the pots. pans, kettles and other containers necessary to put everything in that the hog provided. When Daddy came out of the house with his rifle we knew that everything was ready. He used what he called .22 caps, which only stunned the hog instead of killing it. It was at this point that we all took our assigned positions.

The hog hadn't been fed and was hungry as all get out, so the minute he was released he came straight to the slop bucket. Everything was in readiness. I had the sticking knife, Momma had the dishpan, and Daddy had his rifle. When daddy shot, I grabbed the left ear as the hog went to his knees, Momma slipped the dishpan under the throat and stuck the knife into the jugular vein. The blood was made into blood-pudding. From there the hog went to the platform and into the hot water.

That is when the real work began and it took the combined strength of all of us to handle that big hog. We scraped that hog using the edge of wooden paddles and we scraped him until daddy was satisfied that he was clean. And my Daddy was a perfectionist at everything that he undertook. (I even admired the precision with which he used to whip my tail.)

When the hog was cleaned my Daddy slit the area between the bone and tendons of the back feet, put in two large hooks connected to the block and tackle, and we pulled that hog up in the air, tying off the rope on an "eye" ring attached to the side of the barn.

WE YOUNGSTERS didn't get to watch too much of the butchering because we had other chores to do. We had three 55-gallon drums to fill with water, which were on platforms about 4 feet off the ground. The drums were used in cleaning the intestines of the hog. I never did figure out when they became "chitlins." After that we had to start lugging the meat up to the house, a distance of about 400 feet with the salting starting after supper. The wood would have to be lugged out to the smoke house, and the cleaning-up process would be done before the sun went down. My daddy accepted no excuses.

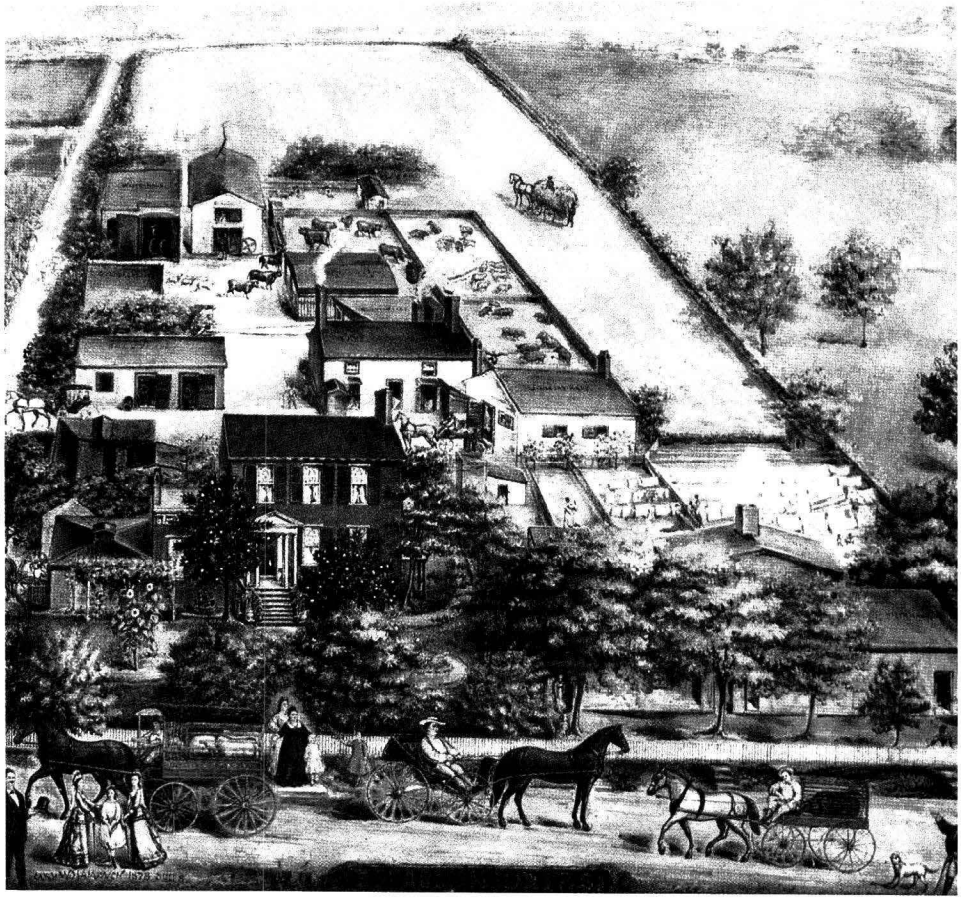
After about 7 or 8 hours had passed, and we were about to drop from hunger and exhaustion, we'd hear that all too familiar call from Momma. It didn't make any sense in terms of language, for it was somewhere between a holler and a yell, and it could be heard for half a mile. "Oooooooo–Duuuuhh Bleeeeeeee!" with the accent on the last syllable, and what it meant was that there were four heaping plates of fried tenderloin with vegetables and hot bread, just waiting.

We walked to the backdoor with the same measured gait as Daddy, dipped some water into the basin for him, and after he washed alone we would dip our hands in the same water and try to look composed as we approached the table.

My Daddy said the blessing with the same sincerity and precision he used in carving up that hog. When he had finished he made us go back and wash our hands again, an order given with one of his rare smiles, then we all started our meal together. It was the only day when my Daddy prayed over the table twice at one sitting, before and after the meal. Later that evening, just about dusk, Daddy and Momma would take over half of that hog and distribute it among the neighbors.

It was poverty by God's rules.

W. Earl Douglas of Mount Pleasant, South Carolina for many years wrote for the *Charleston Evening Post* before his death in 1979. ✪



Cotton Pickin' Days

by Jesse Culp

ONE OF THE WORST things about growing up on a small farm in the fall of the year was that every afternoon as soon as we got home from school, we had to grab our canvas pick sacks, head for the cotton patch and pick cotton till sundown.

But one of the best things about it was, if we could pick a wagon load of cotton during the week, we'd get to take it to town to the gin on Saturday.

We lived eight miles out in the country on rough, hilly country roads. It took several hours to get to town in a wagon. So we didn't get to go to town very often. However, when we did get to go, it was quite a treat;

taking a bale of cotton to the gin on Saturday gave us considerable motivation to work hard all week to "get a bale out." The sideboards were put on the two-horse wagon early Monday morning, with the goal of picking about 1500 pounds of loose cotton to hopefully turn out a 500-pound bale when it was ginned.

As the week wore on, it seemed like we'd never fill that big ole wagon with cotton! Some days we would work till pitch dark to grab a few extra pick sacks full. But with a little luck we'd have it rounded up to the top of the sideboards by quitting time on Friday. So Daddy would say: "OK, we'll get it to the gin tomorrow."

On Saturday morning it was no trouble to get us kids out of bed before daylight, so we could get ourselves and the horses or mules fed, hitch up the wagon and be on the road before the sun came up. If it was a chilly morning, I'd sometimes dig out a "burrowing hole" in the loose cotton and get down in it to stay warm on the way to the gin.

We always hoped to arrive at the gin yard ahead of most of the other farmers, so we wouldn't have to wait in line so long. Usually, though, it was on towards dinnertime before our turn came. But that was OK because there was plenty to entertain us as we watched the ginning activity and visited with all the other folks who were waiting too.

Besides, the biggest treat of all was getting to eat a bought lunch. Usually we ate sardines and crackers from the nearby store, and perhaps some cheese carved off a big hoop of cheese on the bottom of an upturned barrel there in the little store. If cotton prices were pretty good, we sometimes got dessert too—an ice cream cone or candy bar. And maybe even an RC Cola and Moon Pie.

Finally we were ready to drive the wagon up under the gin shed. And I just loved to watch as a gin worker would maneuver that big suction tube to pull the cotton out of the wagon bed and into the gin.

The hum of that bodacious cotton gin was really something! And I delighted in watching through the glass as the cotton moved through the gin saws, with the lint falling into the big bale press and the seed into a special hopper.

After the wagon had been emptied, Daddy would pull it aside and hitch the mules while we watched the big press work, with the gin hands putting the burlap covering and steel bands around the compressed bale —which was finally spit out onto the scales—after a sharp knife had been used to slash the burlap and pull out a bale sample for the buyers.

We waited breathlessly to see if we'd achieved that 500-pound bale we were striving for. And of course Daddy was anxious to get the word from the cotton buyer on how much money the bale would bring.

Finally the transaction was completed, Daddy had some money in his overall pockets and we headed for home with a partial wagon load of cottonseed to feed the cows.

Another fall day, full of excitement and adventure! Time to think about starting all over again on Monday!

This selection is taken from *The Good Ole Days* by Jesse Culp and is available for $10.95 post paid from Mountaintop Press, Post Office Box 698, Albertville, Alabama 35950. ✪

CRITICUS BOOKS

Legal Lynching

by Bryant Burroughs

A review of:
Clement Haynesworth, the Senate, and the Supreme Court.
By John P. Frank.
(University Press of Virginia, 1991, 158 pages.)

In 1969 President Nixon nominated Clement Haynesworth of South Carolina to succeed Abe Fortas on the Supreme Court. Haynesworth was distinctively Southern: descended from Revolutionary patriots; his great-great-grandfather had been admitted to South Carolina courts in 1813; his great-grandfather had been killed at Second Manassas; and he was the fifth generation of Haynesworth lawyers. He was appointed in 1957 by Eisenhower to the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals, a circuit that included Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina. Haynes worth by 1969 had become chief judge of the circuit, which ranked as one of the most efficient circuits in the nation.

Following Fortas' resignation under pressure of financial improprieties, Nixon selected Haynesworth from a list of ten names that included two future justices: Lewis Powell and Harry Blackmun. Confirmation seemed assured. The American Bar Association gave the nominee its highest rating. He was supported by retired and sitting Supreme Court justices, all his fellow judges on the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals, and the deans of law schools around the country. Yet liberals politicized the confirmation hearings, raising for the first time the issues of "insensitivity" and "judicial philosophy." By a Senate vote of 55-45, Clement Haynesworth became the first court nominee rejected since 1930.

Attorney John Frank has been writing about the Supreme Court since 1941, and he describes in this book the first of the modern confirmation lynchings. Liberal Democratic senators were furious over the loss of the liberal Fortas and that their arch-enemy Nixon had nominated a Southern conservative. They mobilized labor and civil rights activists groups to manipulate public opinion, and magnified minor ethics issues to manufacture an excuse to oppose the nomination.

The ethics charges centered around two cases. In 1963 Haynesworth had voted with a 3-2 majority on the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals in allowing the Deering-Milliken Company to close its Darlington textile plant for anti-union purposes. The Supreme Court later issued a limited reversal of this decision. At Haynesworth's confirmation hearings six years later, Indiana Senator Birch Bayh charged that Haynesworth should have withdrawn from the case because he owned stock in Carolina Vend-a-Matic, a company that owned food-dispensing equipment in three of Deering-Milliken's twenty-seven factories, but none in the Darlington plant.

Haynesworth answered that he did not even consider disqualifying himself because he was unaware at the time of any connection with Deering-Milliken, and that the 1948 federal statute covering disqualification rules required a judge to withdraw only if a "substantial interest" existed. Carolina Vend-a-Matic owned equipment in forty-six industrial sites, only three sites of which were Deering-Milliken factories, and the company owned no equipment in the Darlington plant. Of 19,000 total Deering-Milliken employees, Carolina Vend-a-Matic did business with about 700. Yet Bayh insisted that Haynesworth had a "substantial interest" in the outcome of the Deering-Milliken case. John Frank testified as a disqualification expert and described the Bayh attack on Haynesworth as "a truly unjust criticism which cannot be fairly made."

The second case was similar. Haynesworth had participated in *Brunswick Corporation v. Long,* a case argued and decided in conference on November 10, 1967, although the opinion was not published until February 1, 1968. In a customary year-end meeting with his investment advisor, Haynesworth received advice to purchase Brunswick stock, and on December 26, 1967 he bought 100 shares for $16,000. Bayh again charged conflict of interest, despite the fact that the case had already been decided and the fact that 100 shares out of more than 18 million Brunswick shares certainly did not constitute a "substantial interest." An expert from the American Bar Association testified that no conflict of interest existed and that Haynesworth had a duty to sit as a member of the court.

Haynesworth made four appearances during the lengthy confirmation hearings, which lasted from September 16-26. The hearings produced 762 pages of testimony, 125 pages of

which concerned theVend-a-Matic case. In comparison, the confirmation hearings four months earlier of Warren Burger, President Nixon's choice for Chief Justice, produced only 116 pages of testimony. Finally, on November 12 the Judiciary Committee voted 10-6 endorsing the Haynesworth nomination to the full Senate, and debate began five days later.

The debate was bitter. Bayh hammered away at "conflict of interest" and "insensitivity." Jacob Javits of New York opposed the nominee on grounds of "judicial philosophy," and insisted that a reasoned estimate of how a judge would vote on the Court should control a senator's vote. Clifford Case of New Jersey explicitly rejected the traditional view that the Senate may not evaluate the nominee's judicial views.

Herman Talmadge of Georgia criticized the "geographical discrimination" of Haynesworth's opponents. The final 55-45 defeat reflected this division. Almost all senators South of the Mason-Dixon line voted to confirm, while all Democrats outside the South, save three, voted against the nomination.

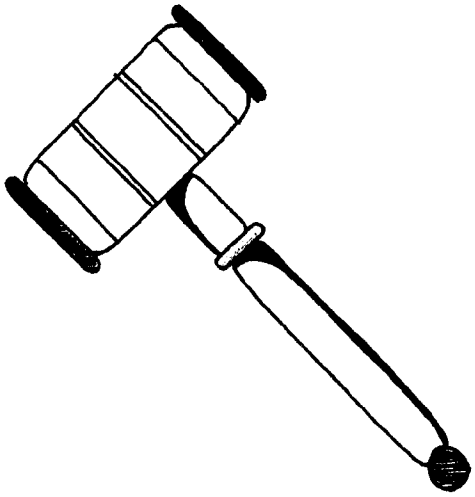
A furious President Nixon nominated another Southerner, Harrold Carswell of the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals. Carswell had been the youngest federal district judge in the country when appointed by Eisenhower in 1958, and had been elevated to the appellate court only six months before his nomination to the Supreme Court. His unfitness for the Supreme Court became obvious to a Senate that had spent its energy defeating Hayesworth and was ready to confirm almost any Nixon nominee.

As a federal district judge, Carswell had been reversed in 60% of his civil rights decisions, and had treated black attorneys and witnesses with ill-concealed contempt. In contrast to Haynesworth, he received only a "qualified" rating from the American Bar Association, and his nomination was opposed by over 350 judges, law school deans, law professors, heads of bar associations, prominent attorneys, and former clerks to Supreme Court justices. Most significantly, the most respected fellow-members of the Fifth Circuit — Elbert Tuttle, John Minor Wisdom, and Chief Judge John R. Brown — all refused to endorse Carswell. On April 8, 1970, Republican and Democratic senators joined together to reject the Carswell nomination by a vote of 51-45.

Nixon returned to the original list of ten names. Concluding that no Southern conservative could be confirmed by a hostile senate, he nominated Harry Blackmun of Minnesota, who had served since 1959 on the Eighth Circuit Court of Appeals. The Eighth Circuit lies far outside the South, covering the west bank of the Mississippi River from Minnesota to Arkansas, plus Nebraska and the Dakotas. Blackmun and Chief Justice Burger were lifelong friends, and Blackmun even served as best man at Burger's wedding.

The Senate was weary of fighting. After a one-day hearing that produced only 134 pages of testimony, the Senate confirmed Blackmun by a vote of 94-0, with six senators not voting. One who refused to vote was Fritz Hollings of South Carolina, who had strongly supported the failed Haynesworth nomination. Noting that Blackmun had decided four cases in which he owned stock, Senator Hollings criticized the hypocrisy of Northern senators: "The fact is that the Blackmun-Haynesworth parallel is almost word-for-word, case for-case, former clients, interests, and even cases involving the holding of a stock interest. Mr. President, I insert these cases in the record to emphasize the double standard employed by my colleagues in the Senate as a body, apparently, on whether or not a Judge is from South Carolina or from Minnesota. Apparently, if one is from South Carolina, the standards or qualifications by way of ethics, former client and interest — substantial or not —are higher than would be required of a Minnesota Judge. Obviously, they did not mind, so long as they got rid of Judge Haynesworth." A year later, the South was represented on the Supreme Court by the appointment of Lewis Powell. In John Frank's outstanding book, the now-retired Justice Lewis Powell writes in the Foreword that "America lost the services of a potentially great Supreme Court justice when the Senate defeated Judge Haynesworth's nomination." In his place, America was given Harry Blackmun.

Bryant Burroughs ia a free-lance writer living in Tuscaloosa, Alabama. He has become a regular Southern Partisan contributor. ✪



CRITICUS BOOKS

TRADITION AND TALENT

By Charles C. Clark

A review of: *The Vanderbilt Tradition: Essays in Honor of Thomas Daniel Young.* Edited and with an Introduction by Mark Royden Winchell. Foreword by Louis D. Rubin, Jr. (LSU, 1991, 262 pages, $39.95)

The foreword of this *Festschrift*, which honors Thomas Daniel Young, Vanderbilt Professor Emeritus of English, by Louis D. Rubin, Jr., consists of a revision of a tongue-in-cheek speech, with an epideictic ending in keeping with the convention for such addresses.

Mark Royden Winchell's introductory essay, "Twenty-first Avenue; or, The Search for Southern Modernism," provides an overview of the Vanderbilt tradition from the days of the Fugitive Agrarians in the 1920s to the present. "[T]he tradition continues," he writes, "as an affirmation that literature is indeed of central importance to life. . . . Vanderbilt writers do not regard tradition as an elegy for the past so much as a celebration of the past in the present."

The term "the past in the present" calls to mind a dictum of T. S. Eliot"s in "Tradition and the Individual Talent." The poet, Eliot says, must live in "what is not merely the present, but the present moment of the past," remaining conscious "not of what is dead, but of what is already living." Russell Kirk comments: "No enduring literature can be written by men deficient in this understanding; no society can long subsist without it."

According to Winchell, the writers "who were nurtured, however briefly, in the environs of Nashville's Twenty-first Avenue responded to that experience in vastly different ways" but were all influenced by it in their later work. His essay sets the tone for the entire collection.

Part I, "Modernism and Beyond," begins with George Core's "Vanderbilt English and the Rise of the New Criticism," which presents the history of the English Department under Edwin Mims (1912-1942) and Walter Clyde Curry (1942-1955), "both of whom were old-line Germanic scholars profoundly committed to traditional historical scholarship." The influence of these authoritarian scholars, who followed the example set at Harvard by George Lyman Kittredge, was counteracted by John Crowe Ransom, Donald Davidson, Allen Tate, Andrew Lytle, and other Fugitive-Agrarians.

Core shows the relationship of the New Criticism to Vanderbilt and, by extension, to Louisiana State University in the 1930s and 1940s, when Cleanth Brooks, Robert Penn Warren, and R. B. Heilman were there, and to I. A. Richards, F. R. Leavis, and William Empson at Cambridge. *The Fugitive* and F. R. Leavis' *Scrutiny* were similar in many ways, although the American periodical was primarily devoted to poetry and the English to criticism.

Citing Tate's dictum on culture ("The state is the mere operation of society, but culture is the way society lives. . ."), Core comments:

"That duty toward culture is ultimately what most profoundly engaged the Vanderbilt critics and the Cambridge critics. . . ."

In "The Colloquy Between John Crowe Ransom and Robert Graves," Kieren Quinlan reviews the correspondence between Ransom and Graves (1922-1925), which includes an exchange of individual beliefs regarding religion and references to Laura Riding, whom Ransom recommended to Graves as a young writer with considerable potentiality. The early enthusiasm of Graves for Ransom's poetry, Quinlan says, must have encouraged the Fugitive at a time when his work was largely unrecognized.

Martha E. Cook, in "Allen Tate in the Jazz Age," examines Tate's early poems and finds that the co-author of *I'll Take My Stand* confronted the chaos and uncertainty of the 1920s with a strong sense of tradition. In "John Gould Fletcher: Imagist Poet, Fugitive and Agrarian Critic," William Pratt observes that Fletcher "has the distinction of being the sole link" between the Imagists and the Fugitives and that his Agrarian social criticism complemented his Fugitive poetic criticism.

Charlotte H. Beck, in "Beyond the Anxiety of Influence: Randall Jarrell and Allen

Tate," considers the "complicated and protean relationship" between Tate and his younger contemporary and surmises that the two drifted apart because of what Jarrell felt to be Tate's "forbidding authority."

M. E. Bradford states, in "Donald Davidson and the Great-House Tradition: A Reading of 'Woodlands, 1956-1960,'" that Davidson was indebted to "classical, Renaissance, and modern poetry of a decidedly unromantic nature." The poem was written during visits Davidson made to Woodlands Plantation (near Bamberg, South Carolina) to work with the granddaughter of William Gilmore Simms on a new edition of the novelist's works.

Bradford traces the great-house genre from modern English and American poets back to Horace and Martial. Paraphrasing and quoting lines of the poem, Bradford shows how Davidson contrasts earlier times with a "century of no belief." Deprivation of remembrance and of a "present continuous with the past" is a kind of death. "Historic empathy—remembrance rooted in 'affection, kinship, piety, and above all religious belief'—is often at the center of a Davidson poem" says Bradford, in words reminiscent of Tate's term "the peculiarly historical consciousness of the Southern writer."

Monroe K. Spears, in "Dionysus and the Galaxy: A Reading of James Dickey's *The Zodiac*," draws parallels between Dickey's ambitious but failed epic poem *The Zodiac* and the Dutch poet Hendrik Marsman's *The Zodiac*. Dickey's poem, Spears maintains, is "an imitation in the sense popularized by Robert Lowell."

Part II, "The Myths We've Lived," begins with Mark Royden Winchell's "Robert Penn Warren's *Brother to Dragons*: Irony and the Image of Man." Winchell characterizes Thomas Jefferson, one of the principal speakers in the dialogue, as not a "complex and contradictory figure" but rather an "Enlightenment naif." With the other principal speaker, R.P.W. (who serves Warren as Cass Edmonds serves Faulkner in "The Bear"), Jefferson discusses the murder of a Negro houseboy by Jefferson's nephews, Lilburne and Isham Lewis. The speakers "engage in an extended colloquy on . . . guilt and innocence, the limits of knowledge, the value of suffering, and the possibility of redemption." Jefferson "is finally able to recognize the taint of Lilburne that is within his own soul, to see himself, in the words of the Book of Job (30:29) as 'a brother to dragons and a companion to owls.'" Winchell concludes that the resolution achieved by the two speakers "leads us out of *both* the Garden and the Waste Land."

Other provocative essays in Part II are "Who Speaks for Mr. Warren on the Negro? A Mock Interview" by Earl J. Wilcox; "Voices and Fathers in the Works of Jesse Hill Ford" by Wayne Batten; and "Southern Humor and Roy Blount's Genius" by Jerry Elijah Brown.

Part III, "Tradition and Traditionalists," begins with Elizabeth Sarcone's "Andrew Lytle: A Modern Traditionalist." Attempting to find Lytle's place in the "variegated tradition" of Vanderbilt, Sarcone compares and contrasts him with admittedly simplistic sketches of Davidson, Ransom, Tate, and Warren. And, examining parts of Lytle's essays, she suggests that he is a universalist, outside of orthodox Christianity.

Citing Lytle's acceptance of the *philosophia perennis*, as explicated by the Orientalist-art critic Ananda Coomara swamy, and Lytle's use of the term *Christendom*, Sarcone says: "Lytle's Christian [sic] vision is traditional in Coomaraswamy's sense, not strictly theological."

As Sarcone notes, Lytle, in "The State of Letters in a Time of Disorder," decries the disappearance in our society of the sacramental aspect of work and adds that in the Middle Ages "every man was a special kind of artist" who "made things not for profit but for utility and for the greater glory of God." And Lytle follows with the Augustinian statement that behind this idea of craft was "the art of God, who was the Son through whom all things were made. . . ."

Sarcone states that there is irony in "Lytle's present recognition by the literary community," which lauds his work for questionable reasons. She concludes: "His real title is 'metaphysician.'"

In "The Working Novelist and the Mythmaking Process," Lytle relates that when he was writing *The Velvet Horn* he read Jung, Neumann, and Zimmer "not as a scholar but as an artist." The term "metaphysician" applied to Andrew Lytle is reductive. All of Lytle's works, including his paraphrases of the Edenic myth and citings of the prom-

ise to Peter (Matthew 16:18) show him to be primarily neither a metaphysician nor a Jungian psychologist but rather a Christian artist, who, like T. S. Eliot, writes of the Word and man, time and eternity.

Richard M. Weaver states in *The Southern Tradition at Bay* that a tradition is "a recognizable pattern of belief and behavior transmitted from one generation to the next." As William C. Havard reminds us in "Richard Weaver: The *Rhetor* as Philosopher," Weaver maintains that the Southern tradition has its roots in a feudal theory of society, a medieval Christian code of chivalry, the concept of a gentleman, and "an old sense of religion as being less a creed than a general piety toward the order of nature and the mysteries of God and existence."

Havard finds in Weaver's doctoral dissertation (completed at LSU in 1943; edited by George Core and M. E. Bradford and published in 1968, after Weaver's death) the above elements of the Southern tradition, which, rooted in agrarianism, result in "the idea of an ordered social structure . . . analogous to the classical hierarchy of being."

Comparing *The Southern Tradition at Bay* and W. J. Cash's *The Mind of the South*, Havard comments: "Cash's rhetoric may be emotionally persuasive, but it is also polemically extravagant, subjective, satirically negative, and hypothetically and abstractly illustrated. In contrast, one finds in Weaver's philosophical analysis a careful marshaling of evidence, concrete illustration, dialectical argument, and metaphysical concern for truth."

In "Faulkner on the Agrarian South: Waste Land or Promised Land?" A. E. Elmore points out the influence that T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* and other works, such as Frazer's *The Golden Bough* and Jessie Weston's *From Ritual to Romance*, had on Faulkner's fiction.

Carol M. Andrews' "Cleanth Brooks on Faulkner: Yoknapatawpha and the Vanderbilt Tradition" stresses Brooks' focusing more on "patterns of character and action than on the verbal patterns he examines so closely in his study of poetry" and on "seeing his traditional values as universal, inhering in human experience itself. . . ."

Part IV, "Keepers of the Rite," begins with "Donald Davidson's Notes for an Autobiography: The Early Years," edited by M. Thomas Inge. The notes, never used by Davidson to begin an autobiography, provide genealogical data on the Scottish Davidson family and its coming to America, ultimately to settle in Tennessee; on Davidson's education; on his first meetings with the group that was to become the Fugitives; and on his World War I service. The notes are a delightful memoir of the first part of the Fugitive poet's long and distinguished career.

Ruel Foster discusses some of the correspondence between Davidson and Jesse Hilton Stuart in "Jesse Stuart and Donald Davidson: A Literary Friendship." Professor Davidson and Stuart met at Vanderbilt in 1931, and their strong friendship lasted until Davidson's death in 1968. Foster points out that Davidson, who had long argued that there should be no gap between folk art and literary art, found a devotee in his former student Stuart, who made "rich and unconscious use of the folklore of the mountains."

In "Two Gentlemen of Vanderbilt: Randall Stewart and Richmond Croom Beatty," Herschel Gower presents much biographical information on the revered professors, with examples of their prose. They were, he says, "two of the worthies, two masters, and two gentlemen. . . ."

Lloyd Davis, in "Edwin Godsey and the Vanderbilt Tradition," offers a tribute to his good and talented friend Godsey, the young poet who in January 1966 drowned in a futile attempt to rescue his young son who had fallen through the ice of a North Carolina lake. A bibliography of Thomas Daniel Young, compiled by Lance Lyday, and notes on contributors complete the collection.

Vanderbilt alumni and the many others who have been influenced by the Vanderbilt tradition should find much in this book to enhance their appreciation of some of the most important American literature of the twentieth-century. ✪

Charles C. Clark of Shreveport, Louisiana, has recently completed a book on Andrew Lytle.

SOUTHERN SAMPLER

BY WILLIAM F. FREEHOFF

ON WHY WE FOUGHT
The South fought unconsciously an anticipatory battle against the collectivism, the Communism, the "Liberalism" of today that cause death and woe.

E. Merrill Root

ON ROBERT E. LEE
To military capacity of a high order and all the nobler virtues of the soldier he added the brighter graces of a pure life guided and sustained by the Christian's faith and hope.

J.E.B. Stuart, Maj. Gen., CSA

ON THE FEDERAL COURTS
The judiciary of the United States is the subtle corps of sappers and miners constantly working underground to undermine the foundations of our confederated fabric.

Thomas Jefferson, 1820

ON FEDERALISM
The error is in the assumption that the General Government is a party to the constitutional compact. The States...formed the compact, acting as sovereign and independent communities.

John C. Calhoun.
The Fort Hill Address, 1831

ON VALUES
To the extent that the South has preserved social structure and avoided the creation of masses, it has maintained the only kind of world in which values can long survive.

Richard M. Weaver

ANGUISHED ENGLISH

by Richard Lederer

An Irish Bull Is Always Pregnant

It's time to throw some bull—not just any kind of bull, but an Irish bull. And while we're at it, let's throw a whole herd of Irish bulls.

What is an Irish bull? Some dismiss it as a silly blunder, allegedly endemic to the Emerald Isle. Others more affectionately describe an Irish bull as a statement fueled by a delightful absurdity that sparks forth a memorable truth.

A favorite definition of the genre issued from Professor John Pentland Mahaffey of Dublin University. When asked the difference between an Irish bull and any other kind of bull, Mahaffey replied, "An Irish bull is always pregnant," providing a definition that is itself an example of the form defined.

Irish literature and folklore are fraught with bulls:

- An Irishman is never at peace except when he's fighting.
- An Irishman will die before letting himself be buried outside of Ireland.
- May you never live to see your wife a widow.
- Gentlemen, it appears to be unanimous that we cannot agree.
- The most unpleasant thing about him is that when he isn't drunk, he's sober.
- Talk about thin! Well, you're thin, and I'm thin, but he's as thin as the pair of us put together!
- Half the lies our opponents tell about us are not true.
- This piece is chock-full of omissions.
- A man cannot be in two places at once, unless he is a bird.
- I marvel at the strength of human weakness.

Richard Lederer's book, *Anguished English*, is published in the South by Wyrick and Company, 12 Exchange Street, Charleston, South Carolina 29402.

CRITICUS BOOKS

The Celt as Southron

by David R. Wade

A review of :
***Cracker Culture: Celtic Ways in the Old South* by Grady McWhiney (Alabama, 1988, 290 pages, $ 17. 95)**

It is surprising to discover just how long the term "Cracker" has been around. In 1766, a colonial official wrote to the earl of Dartmouth: "I should explain to your Lordship what is meant by Crackers; a name they have got from being great boasters; they are a lawless set of rascalls on the frontiers of Virginia, Maryland, the Carolinas, and Georgia, who often change their place of abode."

We may find this quotation in the preface of Grady McWhiney's lucid and entertaining study, *Cracker Culture: Celtic Ways in the Old South.* Professor McWhiney's thesis amplifies a *leitmotif* first sounded in his earlier work, *Attack and Die: Civil War Military Tactics & the Southern Heritage.* It was in that book, written in conjunction with Perry D. Jamieson, that Professor McWhiney attributed the desperate valor of Southrons under fire—as well as their frequently unfortunate reliance upon the frontal assault— to the irresistible impulses of a distinctly Celtic heritage.

In this more recent work he makes bold to say that the entire culture of the Old South was profoundly Celtic at its roots. The text follows a concurring prologue by Professor Forrest McDonald, the great conservative constitutional scholar from the University of Alabama. It is dedicated to the memory of the author's "Cracker" parents. If McWhiney's thesis is correct, then it certainly contradicts the smug assumptions of many intellectuals who have written about the South, who have condescendingly dismissed it as the last bastion of pure Anglo-Saxon culture. But it must be said that H.L. Mencken had it right, in his famous essay on that subject: "...Today those Americans who are regarded as being most thoroughly Anglo-Saxons—for example the mountaineers of the Appalachian slopes from Pennsylvania to Georgia—are obviously far more Celtic than Teutonic, not only physically but also mentally...A Methodist Revival is not an English phenomenon; it is Welsh."

Be that as it may, many Southerners themselves think of the predominant culture of their region as Anglo-Saxon. Distinctly Anglo-Saxon political and legal forms seem to prevail everywhere in the South, as do English denominations of the Protestant religion and typically English surnames.

In truth, however, although McWhiney himself does not contend this explicitly, the prevalence of Anglo-Saxon political and legal forms proves nothing because there were no viable alternatives; the Welsh, Irish, Scottish and Scotch-Irish immigrants to Dixie had lived, on and off, for centuries under oppressive Anglo-Saxon rule. No other code was known to them that could as readily be set down in writing. But the underlying customs remained Celtic.

As for religion, we must not forget that Presbyterianism first flourished among the Scots, as did Methodism among the Welsh. And there were very many Irish surnames in the Old South—a fact that is often overlooked because of the relative scarcity of Catholics, *pace* Scarlet O'Hara. But it must be remembered, as McDonald observes in the prologue, that most of the Irish immigration to the South occurred long before the restoration of the *prestige* of the Roman Church in that unfortunate country. Most of these immigrants were unchurched, and were readily assimilated by existing Protestant congregations.

McWhiney's exhaustive study of Southern surnames leads him to conclude that many of the Smiths and Joneses and Carters are really Celts in disguise. Some of them Anglicized their names for the sake of convenience. Many others were true English all right, but from the "Celtic fringe" of western and northern England. Even the gentle and fun-loving Acadians in Louisiana hailed originally from Normandy and Brittany—the Celtic regions of France.

The remarkable thing about this Celtic culture was its consistency. Whether we turn to the Roman historians

or to the journals of 19th century travellers south of the Old Surveyor's Line, it is always the same. Celts are lazy and improvident, quick to quarrel, slow to forgive, men of unrestrained appetites; but they are brave in battle, great sportsmen, great story-tellers, and they love music and dancing. "A short life but a merry one" is their motto.

The spinal cord of McWhiney's book is a series of quotations drawn from various outside observers in Scotland, Ireland, and the Old South, recorded over a span of centuries, but always running in a convincing parallel whether the subject be cooking, hospitality, drinking habits, architecture, or religion. Southerners are Celts, and they show it in everything from their common folk sayings ("Evening red and morning gray, Sets a traveler on his way") to their common disdain for commerce.

As for music, Paddy Moloney, who plays with the Irish folk group The Chieftains, instantly recognized "Cotton Eyed Joe" as the Irish folk melody, "The Mountain Top," when he heard it played in Texas. Many Bluegrass tunes can trace a similar Gaelic descent.

McWhiney's chapter on "Morals," in which he treats of religion in the Old South, is likely to be regarded by many as paradoxical. Nowadays we think of the South as "the Bible Belt," as indeed it is. The theme which runs through V.S. Naipaul's recent travelogue, *A Turn in the South*, is the pervasive religiosity of the region. After having read this book, one is left with the impression that a native piety, no matter how eccentric at times, is *the* distinguishing characteristic of the South, the unspoken bond which unites rich and poor, black and white.

But McWhiney reminds us that the *antebellum* South was viewed by Puritan Yankees as a pit of impiety, writhing with every conceivable vice. The paradox is explained in part by the Yankee prejudice which regarded any idle amusement as inherently ungodly, whether it be a barbecue or a horserace, and especially if it took place on the Sabbath; and, in part, by the fact that the South has grown more religious in recent times just as the rest of the Western world has almost entirely shed religion altogether.

A similar Yankee prejudice in favor of "book learnin'" made most educated Northerners look upon the typical Southerner as abyssmally ignorant. Unlettered he most certainly was—but not ignorant. The unlettered Southerner would gladly learn and gladly teach by word of mouth. He belonged to a preliterate culture which learned its politics through "stump" speeches and its morality through cautionary tales told by elders on the front porch. His great literature reached him not through the eye but the ear. Indeed, McWhiney makes it clear to us how upset traveling Yankees often were by the lack of reading matter and the incessant garrulity which prevailed among the Crackers. This,too, was very Celtic.

As was also the Southern taste for violence and the *code duello*. But even here there was a sort of saving grace. If crimes against persons were all too common in the name of "honor," crimes against property were rare. The Southerner often treasured his good name more than his worldly wealth, and did not covet the possessions of others. The Cracker may never have heard of Shakespeare, but he would have been inclined to agree with the famous lines from *Othello*:

"Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing; 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands; But he that filches from me my good name Robs me of that which not enriches him, And makes me poor indeed."

Another remarkable thing about this Celtic culture was its cohesiveness. The rich and the poor partook of it in equal measure. The habits of the wealthiest planter were not that far removed from the lowliest cottager. They fished and hunted and attended the horse-races together. They both ate much the same things and they ate "high on the hog" most times. (One cliometrician, quoted in the text, has estimated that the average antebellum Southerner consumed 50 pounds of beef and 150 pounds of pork yearly—almost five times the *total* protein intake recommended for the adult male by the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council. It was a society where class distinctions were recognized as a fact of life. The man in "the big house up yonder" was usually regarded with affectionate deference. That was the immemorial way of Celts towards their chieftains. Having plenty of pig and

cornbread, and plenty of open land to let his cattle graze, the poor man felt no envy. To paraphrase Thomas Babington Mcaulay, the squater did not beard the high, the planter did not grind the low.

The savage antagonism between this society and Yankeedom is something that cannot be denied, McWhiney avers. He very definitely implies that, while the slavery issue was an irritant, some sort of clash between the two sections was virtually inevitable because of their different ways of looking at the world. Unfortunately, the brief last chapter of his book,"Collision," leaves this theme largely undeveloped. If the South had been settled by Anglo-Saxon Puritans, would slavery alone have been sufficient to bring on a Civil War? We may doubt it.

In war, the Romans noted, Celts were courageous but adverse to stratagem. As another Celt from Old Virginia, Winfield Scott, once put it, Southern boys were great when it came to anything that could be done in "one mad dash." But the remorseless discipline that ultimately wins wars is best left to Germans and Anglo-Saxons. "Old Pete" Longstreet told of how he arrived by train to join Braxton Bragg's army during the Battle of Chickamauga, but there was no one there to meet him and he lost his way in the dark. He came across some soldiers and asked them what outfit they belonged to. When they replied with numerical designations, he knew he had the wrong army. A Southerner would reply, "I'm with so-and-so's regiment in Bushrod Johnson's Division," or such like. The armies of the Confederacy were more like bands of Celtic warriors who had great affection for their chieftains—but little regard for regulations.

A story is told about Edward "Clubby" Johnson, a Southern General who got his nickname because he disdained the sword but preferred to carry into battle a giant club, like a Highland warrior. He also refused to wear the insignia of his rank. He met a young picket who was supposed to be on guard duty one night, but who was relaxing under a tree, strumming on his banjo. The ensuing colloquy went something like this:

"Who the hell are you?"

"I reckon I'm some sort of goddam picket on sentry duty. Who the hell are you?"

"I reckon I'm some sort of goddam general."

"Then I reckon I'll give you some sort of goddam salute!"

But this was the Army that won some of the most remarkable victories in military history. It should be observed that its greatest leader was said to be a direct descendant of Robert the Bruce, whose Christian name he bore; and its battleflag the Cross of St. Andrew.

McWhiney quotes Bell I. Wiley's judgment that "no people ever went to war with greater enthusiasm than did Confederates in 1861." That enthusiasm can be taken as the expression of a consistent and cohesive Celtic culture when threatened from without. The savagery of that threat, and its imperalistic pretensions, can be gauged by McWhiney's matter-of-fact comment that "Many Massachusetts soldiers in the Civil War favored a policy of genocide toward Southerners." If that seems far-fetched, we do well to remember that, as late as the Second World War, Donald Davidson reports New York literary critic Clifton Fadiman as announcing over the air that the South deserved to be classified with Nazi Germany. Although she lost her fight, had the South not resisted such intolerant Yankee Imperialism as strenuously as she did, it is safe to say that America today would be a much different nation than it is, and not for the better.

It might even be contended that the diaspora of so many Crackers northwards in recent times has created little redoubts, here and there, to the prevailing secular liberalism—which is but latter-day Yankee imperialism.

The story of this post-Appomattox *Kultur-Kampf* could certainly enlist the talents of a scholar as resourceful as Mr. McWhiney himself; and perhaps someday he will find the time to write it.

David Wade is a Southern Illinois Copperhead. ✪

ROD GRAGG

THE SMOKE NEVER CLEARS

MOSBY'S CONFEDERACY: A GUIDE TO THE ROADS AND SITES OF COL. JOHN S. MOSBY. By Thomas J. Evans and James M. Moyer. White Mane Publishing (Box 152 Shippensburg, PA 17257). 134 pages, $29.95.

"Hurrah for Mosby! I wish I had a hundred more like him," exclaimed none other than Robert E. Lee at one point during the War for Southern Independence. So effective did Col. John S. Mosby and his Partisan Rangers control a huge region of northern Virginia that the area was known during the War as "Mosby's Confederacy." Now this hardback guidebook takes readers into the heart of Mosby Country. Mosby may have acquired his bent for guerilla warfare as a child by reading Mason Weems' "biography" of Revolutionary War hero Francis Marion, the "Swamp Fox" of the Revolution. However he did it, Mosby became the most famous Southern partisan leader of the War, provoking fear and frustration in the North while kindling hope in the South. Virgil Carrington Jones, who pens a foreword for this work, produced the definitive biography of Mosby four decades ago. This book, filled with Mosby drama and details, takes you to the places where Mosby fought his war. Profusely illustrated with period and contemporary photography, *MOSBY'S CONFEDERACY* should satisfy armchair travellers as well as those who really hit the road.

NORTH CAROLINA TROOPS: A ROSTER. Weymouth T. Jordan, editor. The North Carolina Division of Archives and History. 565 pages, $27.00.

More than 125,000 Tar Heels -- whites, blacks and Indians -- fought for the South between 1861 and 1865. For more than 30 years, the North Carolina Division of Archives and History has been courageously cranking out what may be the most ambitious military roster project in American history. The goal: to record the service record of each of North Carolina's 125,000 Confederate soldiers -- along with regimental and company profiles. The work is of immeasurable value to historians and provides personal and fascinating reading for the layman. The latest publication is Vol. XII, which records the service records of all infantry troops in North Carolina's 49th, 50th, 51st, and 52nd regiments.

CASEY'S INFANTRY TACTICS. Reprinted by Morningside House (Box 1087 Dayton, Ohio 45401), 681 pages

European military observers who viewed the carnage of the War Between the States concluded that the bloodletting between the North and the South was not really military combat, but instead was simply mass death by armed mobs. Underscoring their observation was the fact that the majority of troops and great numbers of officers were volunteers with no prior professional military training. Officers North and South who were determined to bring some order to the chaotic violence and manuevering of the War's early days turned to *CASEY'S INFANTRY TACTICS*. Next to the Bible, it was probably the best-read volume of the War. It's available today in reprint form thanks to Casey's manual of instructions, you'll find everything from the proper drum calls needed to assemble and move troops about to how to fire by rank -- with hundreds of pages of instruction in between. To really see what officers faced and soldiers suffered, read *CASEY'S INFANTRY TACTICS* and get a true taste of the War.

THE BATTLE OF BELMONT. By Nathaniel Cheairs Hughes Jr. University of North Carolina Press. 310 pages $24.95.

Like the other early battles, the Battle of Belmont would be dwarfed by the awful carnage that lay ahead, but in 1861 it was a shocking exchange of arms that was "frightful to contemplate" said participants. It was the first serious battle in the War's Western Theater and, more importantly, it was the first battle fought by Ulysses S. Grant. Compared to greater contests, Belmont did not amount to much, but it gave both sides a taste of combat and made an important impact on the Southern and Northern commanders. Hughes, a Tennessee historian, provides a complete profile of the battle that is both thorough and rich in detail.

BURNSIDE. By William Marvel. University of North Carolina Press, 514 pages, $ 29.95

To many students of the War, Ambrose Burnside was just another one of several blue-uniformed generals who was severely whipped by Bobby Lee. If he is remembered otherwise, it is probably -- for many -- as the bewhiskered man who reportedly gave birth to sideburns. Author William Marvel's well-researched biography clearly demonstrates that Ambrose Burnside, USA, was worthy of more. This is a well-written work based on superior scholarship. What emerges is a flesh-and-blood figure with strengths and weaknesses who did no worse than many Federal commanders and apparently performed better than some. Marvel makes a strong case that Burnside was a scapegoat -- a generally competent commander who was tossed aside less for blundering than to satisfy the need to blame someone for so many Southern successes. Ambrose Burnside made war on the South rather effectively, according to this work, and the author's close-up portrait suggests that Lee did his homeland a great favor when he trounced Burnside at Fredericksburg. This is a valuable addition to the historiography of the war. ✪

book notes

Mosby's Rangers

by Jeffry D. Wert (Simon & Schuster, 1991,)

I hate to disagree with the learned men who provided the "advance praise" for *Mosby's Rangers* that's printed on the back of the book jacket, but I found Mr. Wert's book disappointing.

It's very likely that the 43rd Battalion of Virginia Cavalry — Mosby's Rangers — has attracted more attention than any other unit its size, Union or Confederate, that served during the War Between the States. As early as the summer of 1865, as Mr. Wert points out, *The New York Times* declared that Colonel Mosby's career showed "a succession of startling personal adventures unsurpassed by those of any partisan chief on record." In his epilogue Mr. Wert sums up Mosby and his command: *"It was a bloody business in which the Rangers engaged. But one salient fact emerges — John Mosby and the 43rd Battalion had no equal as guerillas during the Civil War."*

In reaching this conclusion, Mr. Wert has certainly done his research. The bibliography takes up eight pages of small print, and includes press reports, memoirs, articles, books and collections of correspondence. In one instance Mr. Wert interviewed the great-grandson of a witness to a particular incident to get his family's traditional account of the incident.

The difficulty is that it's hard to tell, from reading *Mosby's Rangers*, why Mr. Wert and the *New York Times* (and many other students of the War, over the years) consider Mosby an extraordinary man of extraordinary ability and accomplishment as a guerilla leader.

Very long stretches of *Mosby's Rangers* might well have been written by formula: Members of the 43rd Battalion meet at [FILL IN LOCATION] on [FILL IN DATE] and follow Mosby on a raid where they [CHOOSE ONE OR MORE]: 1) capture [FILL IN BLANK] Union supply wagons; 2) ride hell-for-leather, revolvers blazing, into [FILL IN NAME OF UNION DETACHMENT]; 3) suffer the loss of Rangers [FILL IN NAMES] who had been with the Battalion for [FILL IN TIME]; and 4) inflict [FILL IN BLANK] casualties on their opponents and capture [FILL IN NUMBER] horses and [FILL IN NUMBER] prisoners.

Periodically Union forces raid "Mosby's Confederacy," the battalion's base and refuge in Northern Virginia. In this case the formula, with a few modifications, is simply reversed.

Repeat this formula, skirmish by skirmish, raid by raid, through two years of partisan warfare, and you have the feel of Mr. Wert's book. Here and there he offers an anecdote or observation from someone's diary or memoir, but, like cashews in a can of mixed nuts, they have little effect on the flavour and texture of the whole.

For long stretches, Mr. Wert's book is reminiscent of the slower parts of *The Iliad* in the translations imposed on college students before Western Civilization fell into disfavour, where Homer goes on for hundreds of lines (it seemed that way, anyway) enumerating the ships that converged on the Trojan shore, whose they were and from whence they came.

No doubt a great deal of war—now, or a hundred and twenty-five years ago, or in preclassical antiquity—was dull and perhaps for moral reasons, it should be made to *sound* dull. As General Lee said: "It is well that war is so terrible; we should grow too fond of it." Nevertheless, Mosby won great fame and a continuing reputation as a guerrilla commander. Any book about Mosby's Partisan Rangers command should make the reader understand why.

——Jay V. Stribling

Virtue and Modern Shadows of Turning: Preliminary Agitations.

By Marion Montgomery. (University Press of America, 1990, 186 pages, $14.25.)

Delving into a book by Marion Montgomery is akin to floating lazily along a country creek. One marvels at the blue sky, deep woods, and enchanting wildlife, and then is astounded by the distance that the creek has carried him. In his latest book Montgomery addresses the "timeless and timely" question that has vexed the best minds for three millennia: Can virtue be taught?

The question is vital to an age in which the Christian consensus has been eroded to the point that modern man recognizes little distinction between virtue and vice. Caught up in an illusion that the human intellect is the sole arbiter of reality, man is, in

Montgomery's analysis, a "secular Puritan" who insists that values are created by each individual purely on the basis of self-interest, and that right and wrong not only do not matter, but do not exist. "Professing to be wise," St. Paul described such thinkers, "they became fools." Montgomery echoes St. Paul with a withering summary: "It does not require a degree from the Sorbonne to believe in nothingness."

Montgomery's diagnosis is direct: Man has dislocated himself from a traditional understanding of virtue, which he describes as an "earned derivation." By this term he means that virtue results from "a labor which is always lighted by minds other than our own." This book presents "particles of past ideas" from many of these minds: Socrates and Solzhenitsyn, Augustine and Aquinas, T. S. Eliot and C. S. Lewis, and Montgomery's "venerable fathers," Plato and Aristotle. For Montgomery, then, "wisdom is cumulative, through generations and through the years of one's personal life."

Marion Montgomery is a Southern Socratic gadfly who stings his readers into action. He prods with wit and humor, but always with a deadly seriousness, for he recognizes that "the integrity of our being rests upon the virtues cultivated with our hearts and minds."

Order and Law: Arguing the Reagan Revolution—A Firsthand Account

By Charles Fried. (Simon & Schuster, 1991, 256 pages, $19.95.)

The top domestic priority for Ronald Reagan when he entered the White House in 1981 was to restore liberty to American citizens by appointing federal judges who would interpret the Constitution, rather than legislate from the bench. Ten years later, the success of that effort is Reagan's most lasting legacy. A conservative majority now sits on the Supreme Court, and three-fourths of all federal judges were appointed by Ronald Reagan or George Bush.

Charles Fried participated in this judicial revolution as Solicitor General from 1985 to January 1989. Created by the Judiciary Act of 1870, the Solicitor General is the number three position in the Justice Department and represents the federal government in legal matters. It is the Solicitor General who argues the government's cases before the Supreme Court. In this century two Chief Justices and several Associate Justices have been promoted to the Court after serving as Solicitor General.

Fried details the in-fighting among White House and Justice Department conservatives over the best strategy for prodding the Supreme Court to reverse many of its decisions handed down by liberal majorities during the Warren and Burger years. In fact, Fried's predecessor as Solicitor General, Rex Lee, had been criticized by conservatives as not sufficiently aggressive in pursuing the Reagan judicial goals. Fried, however, recognized that conservatives who use law to push political goals undermine the Constitution as surely as liberal activists. He often squared off with Bradford Reynolds who, as powerful assistant to Attorney General Edwin Meese, led the effort to reverse liberal decisions.

Order and Law reveals Fried to be a principled and reasonable man. He rejects Judge Robert Bork's doctrine of original intent as a means of interpreting the Constitution, and proposes instead "the rule of law," which he defines as "a law of rules, principles, customs, practices, and understandings." The courts are to use the rule of law to function as "neutral and modest arbiters between man and man."

——Bryant Burroughs

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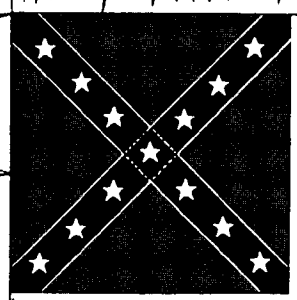

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